



No. 452.—VOL. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD (MRS. ROBERT COULTER),

THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS WHO PRESENTED A LITTLE DAUGHTER TO THE WORLD ON SATURDAY LAST. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Memorial Service at Westminster Abbey—Mr. Roosevelt—A Great French Review, and the Weariness of It.*

NO service could have been more solemn, more impressive, or in more perfect accord with the feelings of all present, American and English, than that held at Westminster Abbey on Thursday last in memory and in honour of the murdered President of the United States. I do not think that Mr. McKinley was known to very many Englishmen: the very simplicity of his life, a man living amongst his own people, kept him entirely American in tastes and thought and pursuits, and he had not that delightful touch of cosmopolitanism that so many of the American statesmen whom we see in England possess; but all Englishmen knew of the perfect life he lived in his home and of the straightforward, unassuming manner in which he went abroad amongst his fellow-men, and recognised in him in the highest degree the homely virtues which go to form the ideal man of the Anglo-Saxon race and have given the word "home" the power of conveying a sense of purity and peace and healthy pathos that no other word in any other language carries. All Englishmen, also, who study international politics know that, when there was a disposition on the part of some of our cousins across the Atlantic to indulge in the erstwhile favourite amusement of twisting the lion's tail, Mr. McKinley very gently led the Jingo to believe that more was to be obtained by patting a lion on the back than by turning the end of his tail.

The Acting-President starts his term of office with the inestimable advantage of having a nickname. He was "Teddy" Roosevelt to the cow-boys when he went out West amongst them, a weedy, spectacled stripling from a University, striving for health and strength with the indomitable energy which has been his characteristic throughout life; he was "Teddy" to the Roughriders whom he led through the barbed-wire entanglements on San Juan hill under a murderous fire; and he will be "Teddy" to the millions over whom he has so suddenly and so sadly become Chief Magistrate. We all know the value of a nickname. "Abe" Lincoln is the President of the United States whose name stands freshest in the memory of Americans, and the "Man in the Club" and the "Man in the Street" talk to-day of "Dizzy," while the great statesman's title of Beaconsfield is gradually dying out of men's mouths. I doubt whether Mr. Chamberlain would be able to monopolise the limelight as often as he does were it not that "Joseph" has contracted so naturally and easily to "Joe." Mr. Roosevelt is known to many Englishmen, and in the flying visits he has paid to this country all who met him liked the thorough, energetic man, of strong opinions on all subjects strongly expressed. He likes Englishmen and England, but he has no ties of blood to bind him to us. He belongs to an earlier colonisation of North America than the British, and, instead of making a pilgrimage to some quiet English churchyard to see the tombs of his ancestors, as so many Americans do, he would go to Holland on this pious duty. He is a Knickerbocker, a descendant of the earliest settlers, and proud of the Dutch blood that runs in his veins. It is no little cause of satisfaction for England that Mr. Roosevelt has asserted and made clear with customary energy that he intends to follow the path in international politics "blazed" ahead for him by his murdered predecessor.

I had a tempting offer of a room and the best of company and the best of entertainment at Reims, to see the great review before the Czar and President; but I declined the invitation, for I had been to the last review at which the Emperor of All the Russias saw a vast French Army march past him; and I have a vivid memory not only of the majesty of the massing of so many men under arms, but also of the intense weariness that such a day produces. At a great French review, unless one rides with the Staff or is one of the specially invited guests with a "coupe-file," which entitles one to drive across the review-ground, it is necessary to be in one's place an hour or two before the troops begin to assemble, or else one never reaches it. The streaming on to the ground of infantry, cavalry, and artillery is a beautiful sight, but then comes another long, weary wait. The reviewing authority and the guests of honour go down the line, and then the defile of the troops commences. There is variety at first, as the "special" regiments go by; but when the regiments of the Line flow past in an apparently never-ending stream of dark-blue coats and red trousers a dazed feeling comes over all the spectators, even the most enthusiastic. The marching is not good, from a Sergeant-Major's point of view, for the French Army spends its time in more useful work than marching-past drill, and the uniformity is so complete that there is nothing to distinguish one regiment from another. When it is the turn of the mounted corps, there is the same wearisomeness of uniformity. The guns go past with the rattle of wheels in long lines, and one knows that one is looking at what is now the finest artillery in the world, but one wishes, from other than patriotic motives, that there was not so much of it. Then come the cavalry regiments, the blue light-cavalry, the officers picked out by the lighter colour of their blue coats; the Dragoons with their fluttering pennons; the shining Cuirassiers—wave after wave, mass after mass, until one shuts one's eyes for pure weariness of seeing. The cavalry charge brings some galvanising moments, for it is splendidly executed; but then comes a long, long hunt for carriages which seem to have been hidden with diabolical cleverness, and, as often as not, a walk home, arriving there late at night with the sense that it is not a day that has passed since one set out in the morning, but the greater part of a week.

## THE LATEST MISS MILLARD.

THERE was an "interesting event" in the theatrical world on the day that saw the production of the Pinero drama, for one of our most popular leading ladies, Miss Evelyn Millard, whose picturesque wedding with Mr. Coulter was among the events of the 1900 season, presented to the world a little daughter. Had Mr. Pinero's heroine been a more desirable character, one would have fancied that the young lady would be named after the piece—though this method of choosing names has proved disastrous to many young ladies when the time has arrived at which they are not proud of the number of their birthdays. Naturally, there are great rejoicings in the beautiful house in Park Lane where Miss Millard lives, particularly seeing that the progress of the young mother is so satisfactory that the "interesting event" is not likely to prevent her appearance as Francesca at the St. James's, in the play by Mr. Stephen Phillips, the production of which has long been awaited with the greatest interest by London playgoers. By-the-bye, it is to Miss Geneviève Ward that the beautiful part of Lucrezia has just been entrusted.

## "THE SKETCH" CHAPERON.

*The King at Copenhagen and at Helsingborg—Lord Vivian: A Popular Bachelor-Peer—A Future American Peeress?—Weddings and Engagements—Smart Pussophiles at Slough.*

I HEAR that King Edward repeatedly expressed to those about him, and even wrote in private letters home, how very much he has enjoyed his brief stay in Denmark, and the hearty and yet unobtrusive affection shown him by even quite the poor people in Copenhagen. Queen Alexandra came into the town on purpose to join King Edward in his reception of the deputation which handed him an address of congratulation on his Accession, and one who was present among the Diplomatic Corps tells me that it was very pretty to see the Queen's smile when, slightly turning towards her, the Sovereign alluded to "my beloved wife," and to his first visit, now some thirty-five years ago, to Denmark.

An immense family-party seems to have been gathered together at Fredensborg in honour of their Majesties' visit, and the King was most good-natured in driving parties of the younger Princes and Princesses about in his splendid motor-car. On Friday the King paid a brief visit to Helsingborg, and received an enthusiastic ovation from the Swedes. King Oscar entertained the Royal party at his lovely Summer Palace, Sophiero (called after Queen Sophie), but no shooting-party took place.

The sad news from "the Front" cast quite a gloom over Society, especially as Lord Vivian is one of the most deservedly popular bachelor Peers. Everyone is so sorry for his mother, and for his two pretty twin-sisters, who are Queen Alexandra's favourite Maids-of-Honour.

The most interesting social event last week was undoubtedly the Wilton festivities in honour of Lord Herbert's coming-of-age. It is said in the neighbourhood of Salisbury that the engagement of Lord Pembroke's eldest son and heir will be very soon announced, and that his bride-elect will be found to be the prettiest and the wealthiest of the many American ingénues who now play so considerable a part in the "boy and girl" society of the day. If this be true, Lord Herbert will only be following his uncle's, Mr. Michael Herbert's, example, for Mrs. Michael Herbert is a sister of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and was, before her marriage, one of the handsome daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilson—the latter a Vanderbilt or Gould.

Apropos of weddings, an interesting marriage takes place to-day, that of Lord Portman's second son, Mr. Henry Portman, to Lady Portarlington. Lord Portman's five sons are all very popular in Dorsetshire. Bryanston is quite the most delightful and stately of great Dorset places; it is a perfect treasure-house of beautiful things, and there hospitality has always been practised in the grand manner. Since the death of Lady Portman, Lord Portman's only unmarried daughter—who is, by the way, thirteen years younger than to-day's bridegroom—has acted as hostess to her father's and her brother's friends. The Dawson-Damers are also a great Dorsetshire family, their principal seat being the curiously named Came House, near Dorchester. Lady Portarlington is the mother of five children, of whom the youngest, Lady Moira, is only four years old; her eldest child, the present Peer, will come of age in three years.

An engagement which is of interest to both Scottish and Irish folk is that of Lord Kilmaine's only son-and-heir to Lady Aline Kennedy. This engagement is one in which the late Queen would have been interested, for she was much attached to Lady Aline's mother, Lord Ailsa's first wife, who was a daughter of the Lady Blantyre who was so much about the Court during the first years of Queen Victoria's reign.

Windsor is becoming quite a social centre, and it is very hard to get a really good house near there for love or money. Many people are arranging to stay in the Royal Borough through the early winter, for it is said that the King means to live far more at the Castle than did Queen Victoria of late years. On Friday a rather interesting little Cat Show will be opened at Slough; it has been organised by Lady Marcus Beresford, who is an enthusiastic pussophile, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who is very fond of cats, has taken an active interest in the fête, which is sure to be well attended, as it is known that the proceeds are to be devoted to that most deserving charity, Princess Christian's Windsor Nursing Home.



A ROYAL FAMILY GATHERING: EUROPEAN RULERS SNAPSHOTTED AT ELSINORE.



KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK AND THE  
CZAR OF RUSSIA.



ARRIVAL OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN  
ALEXANDRA.



THE ROYAL PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO  
THE QUAY.



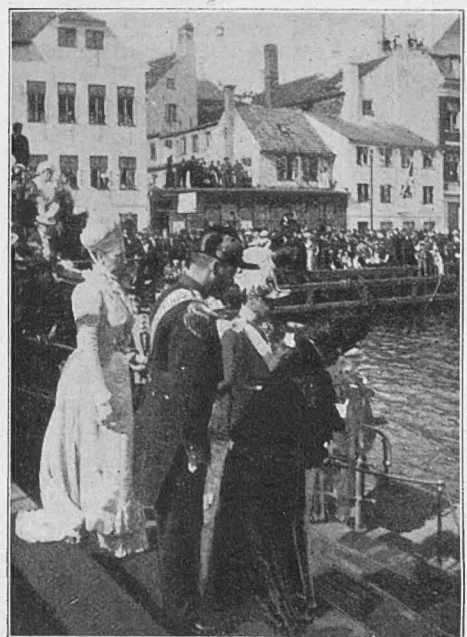
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND DOWAGER-EMPRESS  
OF RUSSIA AWAITING THE CZAR'S ARRIVAL.



THE KING OF DENMARK AND CROWN PRINCE  
AWAITING KING EDWARD'S ARRIVAL.



ARRIVAL OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA. NOTE  
THE BABY GRAND DUCHESS AND NURSE.



THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA WAITING  
ON THE QUAY FOR THE CZAR.



THE CZAR AND THE KING OF DENMARK.



THE CZAR AND KING OF DENMARK PASSING  
FRONT OF GUARD-OF-HONOUR.



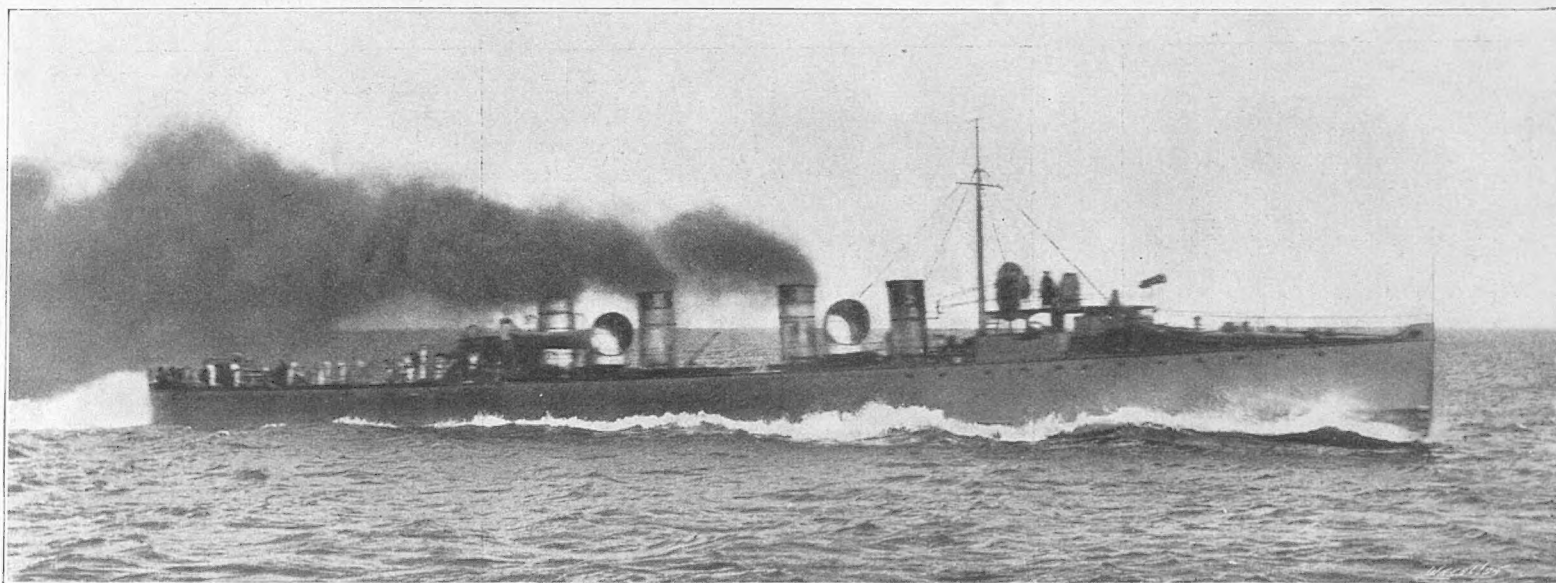
## THE LOSS OF THE "COBRA."

THE British Navy has not suffered such a loss as the foundering of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Cobra* since the battleship *Victoria* went down eight years ago, after being rammed by the *Camperdown* off Tripoli, when three hundred and fifty-eight officers and men lost their lives. The *Cobra* left the Tyne for Portsmouth on Sept 17, in charge of Lieutenant Alan W. Bosworth-Smith, of H.M.S. *Wellington*, and a navigating party of fifty-four, of whom ten were saved. The others on board numbered twenty-five, of whom two were saved, leaving sixty-seven unaccounted for. The ill-fated vessel soon fell in with foul weather, shipping tremendous seas fore and aft. On the following morning, in a heavy gale, she struck on the Outer Dowsing Shoal, on the Lincolnshire coast, and broke her back. Two boats were launched, one of which was unfortunately swamped. The twelve occupants of the other, after bravely battling with the waves for ten hours, were picked up by a passing steamer and landed at Middlesbrough. Lieutenant Bosworth-Smith perished, like a true sailor, at his post, making no effort to save himself. It is needless also to state that perfect order was maintained amongst the crew, and it was only the rapidity with which the *Cobra* settled down that prevented her boats being got away successfully. I trust that the Naval Court of Inquiry will elicit how the *Cobra* got out of her course, and the cause of her breaking so easily. No vessels afloat are more delicate. On a displacement of about four hundred tons, the *Cobra*, like her sister-ship, the *Viper*, which was recently wrecked off Alderney, carried machinery of the same engine-power as a huge battleship of 10,000 tons, notwithstanding the fact that her steel hull was only about a quarter of an inch thick. It is no wonder that such

half-mast, and everybody seemed to look upon it as a natural thing that the murder of the Chief Magistrate of the United States should be mourned even in the little villages of England. I hope that next time the Americans start a campaign against us they will remember this fact. Here in England we never forget that the majority of the people in the States are our relatives; but, unhappily, there are times when they do not call that fact to mind across the Atlantic. But such occasions as the death of the Queen and the murder of President McKinley help to bring the two nations together.

I have been staying in a land of canals. Not canals like those of Holland, which are almost the streets and the roads of the country, but canals which used, before the railways were made, to carry the heavy goods traffic of the countryside. They run from town to town under the hillsides, and often not far from a river, and, unless you make a point of walking along the tow-path, you do not see much of them from the roads. Some of them are still used, but others are choked with weeds and foul with refuse of all sorts. But there they lie, with their lock-gates rotting on their rusty hinges, getting green with weed, and looking a picture of desolation which one could hardly imagine possible in overcrowded England. They are not wanted for goods traffic any longer, and it would be useless to drain them and run light railways along their beds, for the ordinary service of trains is quite sufficient to carry all the passengers who travel even on market-days. But these desolate canals should not be left as they are, for they will soon become little better than a public nuisance.

For the last time we turn over the cricket averages, as with last week's matches first-class cricket is over for the year. Lockwood's



H.M.S. "COBRA," THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER THAT WAS WRECKED OFF THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST ON WEDNESDAY MORNING LAST WITH A LOSS OF UPWARDS OF SIXTY LIVES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE ELSWICK SHIPBUILDING WORKS.

a frail craft is affected by heavy weather and carried off her course. The *Cobra*'s history is curious. She was actually built before the *Viper*. Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. constructed her at Elswick in 1899, as an experiment, when the Parsons turbine was attracting attention. In the following year she was bought by the Admiralty, which had already ordered the *Viper* from the Parsons Turbine Company. The *Cobra* was not yet in commission. She left the Tyne for the purpose of carrying out a series of trials with the destroyer *Albatross*, when the disaster occurred which robbed our first line of defence of a unique vessel and a brave and heroic crew.

The following telegram has been received at the Admiralty from His Majesty the King, dated Fredensborg, Thursday night—

Have just received your telegram with the terribly sad news of the loss of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Cobra*. Please express my deepest and most heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of all those on board in the grievous loss they have suffered. Send further details as soon as possible. I trust there may yet be more survivors.

EDWARD R.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*The President and Rural England—Derelict Canals—Lockwood's Benefit—Our Leading Batsmen—And Most Successful Bowlers.*

IT is well worthy of note with what sorrow the sad death of President McKinley was heard of all over the country. I am, of course, not speaking of London now, but of the remoter districts, where the sympathy felt for our American cousins was as sincere as that shown in the great centres of population. On the day of the late President's funeral, I was tramping about the West Country, and passed four or five village churches. On every tower there was a flag floating at

benefit was, unhappily, spoiled by rain on the second day, and, as a result, the match had to be drawn. But there was plenty of interest in it, for at first Surrey looked as if they were going to have it all their own way. But in the second innings Hirst bowled H. K. Longman, Hayes, and Lockwood one after the other, and, had the match been played out, Yorkshire might possibly have won. I am glad to see that, on the last day, there was a capital attendance, and that a collection on the ground for Lockwood brought in over seventy-five pounds. "The Man in the Street" does not easily forget his favourites.

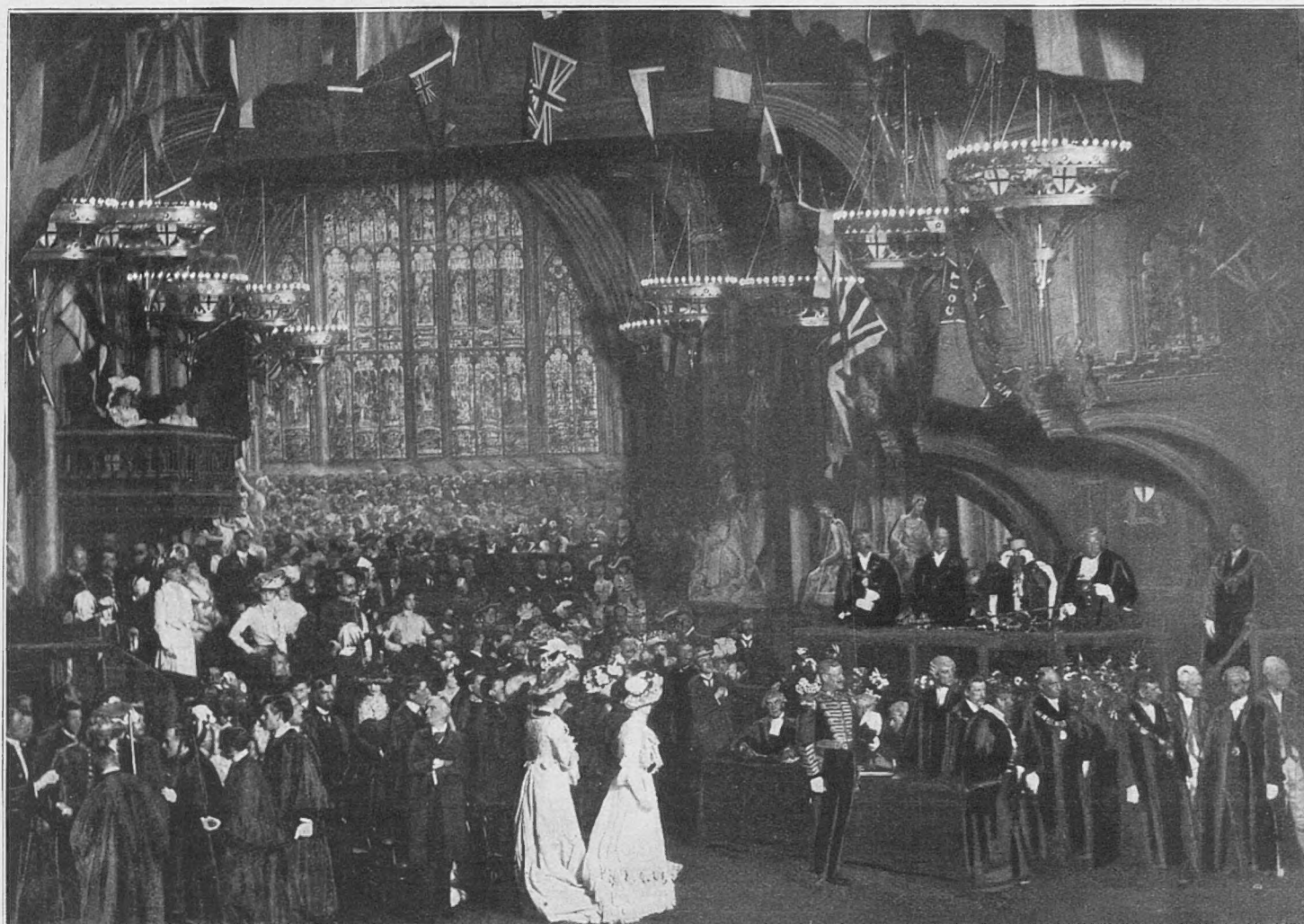
C. B. Fry, who this year has been unapproachable, of course heads the batting averages, with the wonderful score of over seventy-eight runs per wicket. K. S. Ranjitsinhji comes next, and then Lionel Palairet; and Abel is comparatively low down, as he is only sixth, in spite of his record-cutting aggregate. But Abel always goes in first, and so has more innings to his credit even than Fry and Ranjitsinhji, who have been at the wickets on twenty fewer occasions than the great little Surrey man. Though this fact in no way detracts from the performance of the amateurs, it should be taken into account when looking at Abel's figures.

In the bowling averages, Rhodes and Hirst stand out by themselves. Rhodes has bowled two hundred and fifty-one wickets this season—a most wonderful performance, considering the perfect wickets and the number of centuries that has been made on them. The finest amateur bowler is J. R. Mason, who has taken one hundred and eighteen wickets, and, as he also has a batting average of over thirty-six and has scored more than fifteen hundred runs, he has proved himself a first-rate all-round cricketer. Altogether, fifteen men have bowled over a hundred wickets apiece, Trott and Richardson having taken the most after Rhodes and Hirst.

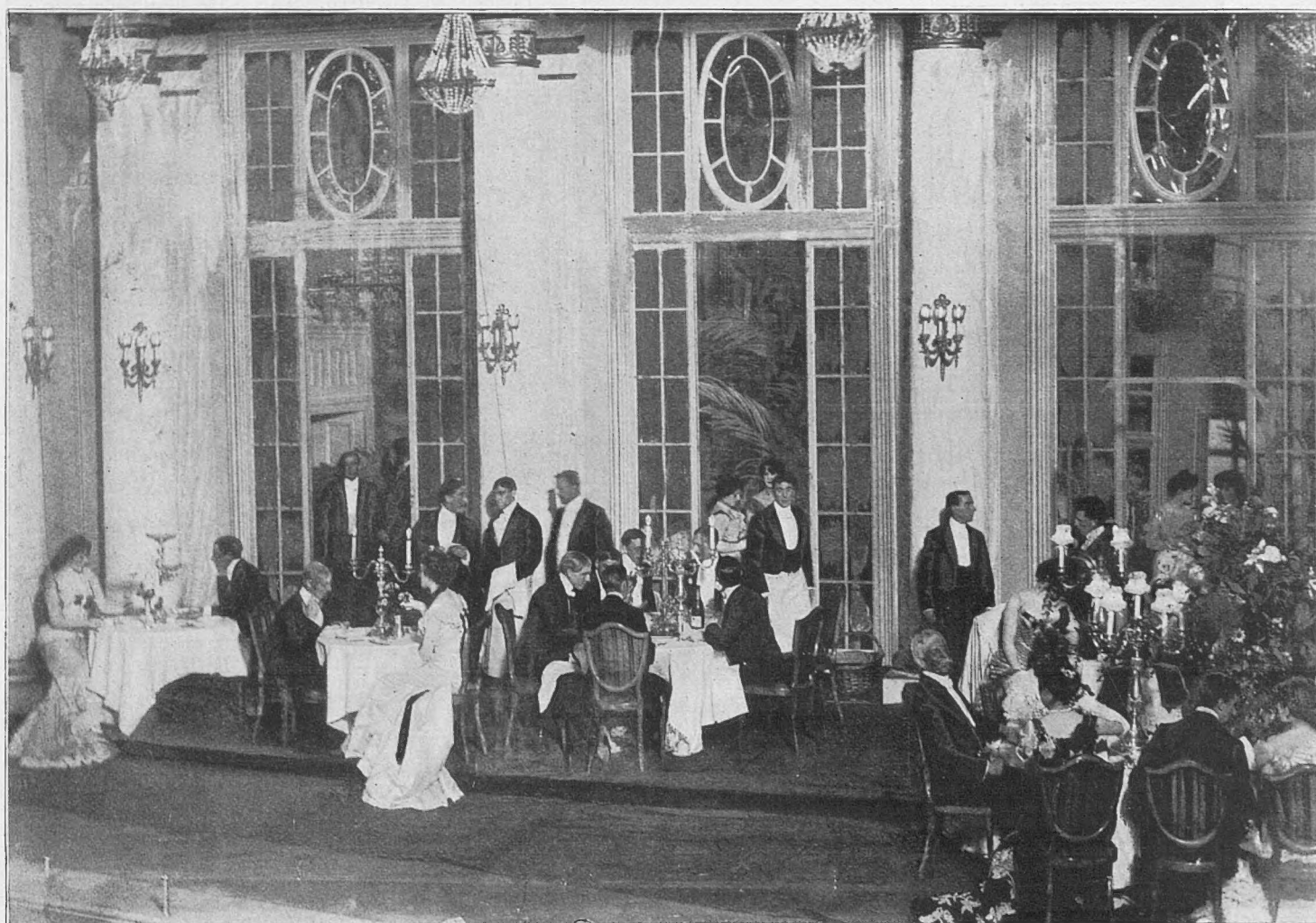


THE TWO MAGNIFICENT "SET" SCENES IN "THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE," AT DRURY LANE.

*From Photographs by E. Gordon, Allerton Road, N.*



ACT II., SCENE 5.—THE GUILDHALL. IN THIS SCENE, JOSEPH LASCELLES CAMPBELL, THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE, IS PUBLICLY DISGRACED.



Mr. Julian Royce  
(Denby Grant, the wicked Secretary).

Mr. Fulton Miss Vane Featherston  
(The Great Millionaire). (Duchess of Carlisle).

ACT III., SCENE 3.—THE CARLTON HOTEL, WHERE THE MILLIONAIRE GIVES A DINNER TO HIS FRIENDS AT £100 PER HEAD.

(See "The Sketch" Theatrical Gossip.)



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of studying the varied phases of garrison life there, with the result that these stories are eminently  
true to life."

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**THE PINERO PLAY.**

SOME will declare that "Iris," the new work by Mr. Pinero given  
on Saturday at the Garrick, is the finest development of the  
author's genius, and others undoubtedly will certify and regret  
that our leading dramatist has used his great gift in painting such a  
contemptible creature as Iris the Hedonist, who during the course of the  
play becomes on terms of too great an intimacy with two men, and is  
faithless to both. However, *The Sketch* takes no part in the question,  
and simply considers "Iris" as a remarkable, interesting, somewhat  
oppressive tragedy, which, whether it pleases or not—and it can hardly  
be intended to please—will startle the whole theatrical world, yet  
*The Sketch* cannot help feeling glad that for some time at least to come  
the author is going to return to light comedy.

There is no need to tell the story of "Iris," which until the first-  
night was kept as great a mystery as if the piece had been a Savoy opera.  
Indeed, to attempt to do so would be very unjust, unless one could write  
upon the prodigious scale adopted by the dramatist, who has been as  
lavish in detail as a pre-Raphaelite, and, as the result of this very  
elaboration, has put an appalling burden on the pretty shoulders of  
Miss Fay Davis, who has to depict the hapless creature ruined not  
through natural viciousness, but through lack of moral fibre. Miss Davis  
acquitted herself with remarkable skill, and astonished even her  
admirers by her performance, even if her strength was not wholly  
sufficient for the task.

Mr. Pinero, as usual, is scornful of reputations in choosing the cast,  
and entrusted the very difficult part of leading man to a gentleman only  
three months on the stage, named Charles Bryant. Once more the  
dramatist was justified in his audacity, for the new actor played  
admirably and is an important addition to the London stage. Mr. Oscar  
Asche, a popular member of the Benson Company, was the villain, the  
badly treated villain, of the piece, the wicked financier, and, according  
to the Pinero definition, "the pawnbroker with imagination." Perhaps  
it was by accident that he was made-up to resemble a member of a  
great family of financiers. He had a thankless, difficult part, which he  
rendered very effective in many scenes. Mr. "Dot" Boucicault  
presented a very clever character-sketch as a faithful worshipper of  
Iris, the "divinity," and Miss Nora Lancaster gave an agreeable piece  
of acting as an *ingénue*.

**THE SHONE BENEFIT.**

The Benefit Matinée in aid of the children of the late R. V. Shone, for  
some years business-manager with Mr. George Alexander, which takes  
place to-morrow (Thursday) at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is some-  
what unique in its circumstances. Directly it was known that the  
tragic death of their father had left the two little orphans unprotected  
for, Mr. FitzRoy Gardner and Mr. Bertie Shelton made a suggestion to  
some of their personal friends, with the result that a Committee was  
promptly formed representing the business-management and stage-  
management of the London West-End theatres, and a subscription fund  
opened and the matinée arranged. This is the first time that a benefit  
performance has been arranged entirely by the executive element of the  
theatrical profession. Mr. Frank Curzon has most generously not only  
lent the Prince of Wales's Theatre for the matinée, but will provide the  
whole of the stage staff, a heavy item usually charged to expenses of a  
benefit; and his orchestra have waived remuneration.

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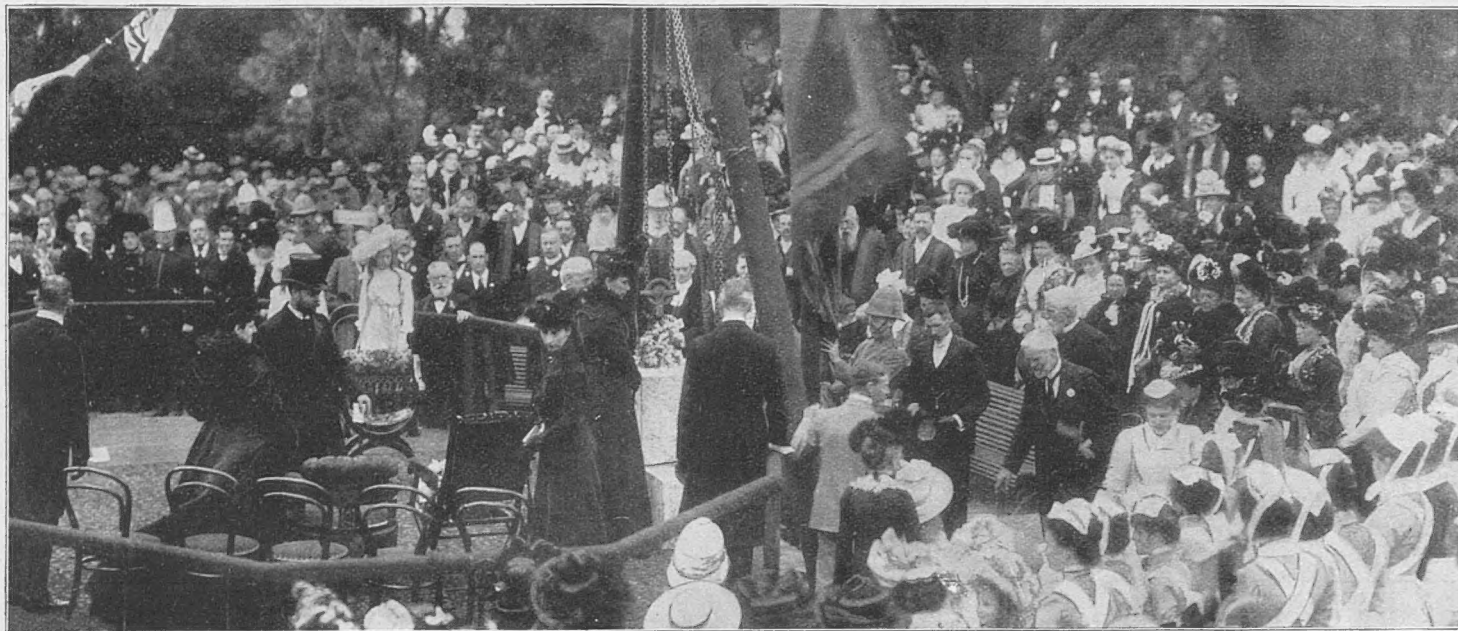
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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The Royal Tour: Anglo-French Enthusiasm.* It must be peculiarly gratifying to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to have received so cordial a welcome from the warm-hearted Anglo-French population of Canada. Their Royal Highnesses were enthusiastically welcomed in each of the historic towns of the Dominion, the greetings being not infrequently couched in the seventeenth-century French which survives alone in that portion of King Edward's vast Empire. The Royal tour is still, it seems, the one

and, however simple and plain be the personal tastes of Nicholas II. and his half-British Consort, it would be very unfitting were their yacht to be less gorgeous and perfect in its appointments than those belonging to their ordinary wealthy subjects. Accordingly, the *Standart* is filled with every luxurious device, and the state-rooms of the Imperial couple and those saloons set apart for the accommodation of their children and of the Dowager Empress are so elaborate in their fittings that they even excited the interest and curiosity of the



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE (AUG. 22) OF THE NURSES' HOME AT CAPE TOWN, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

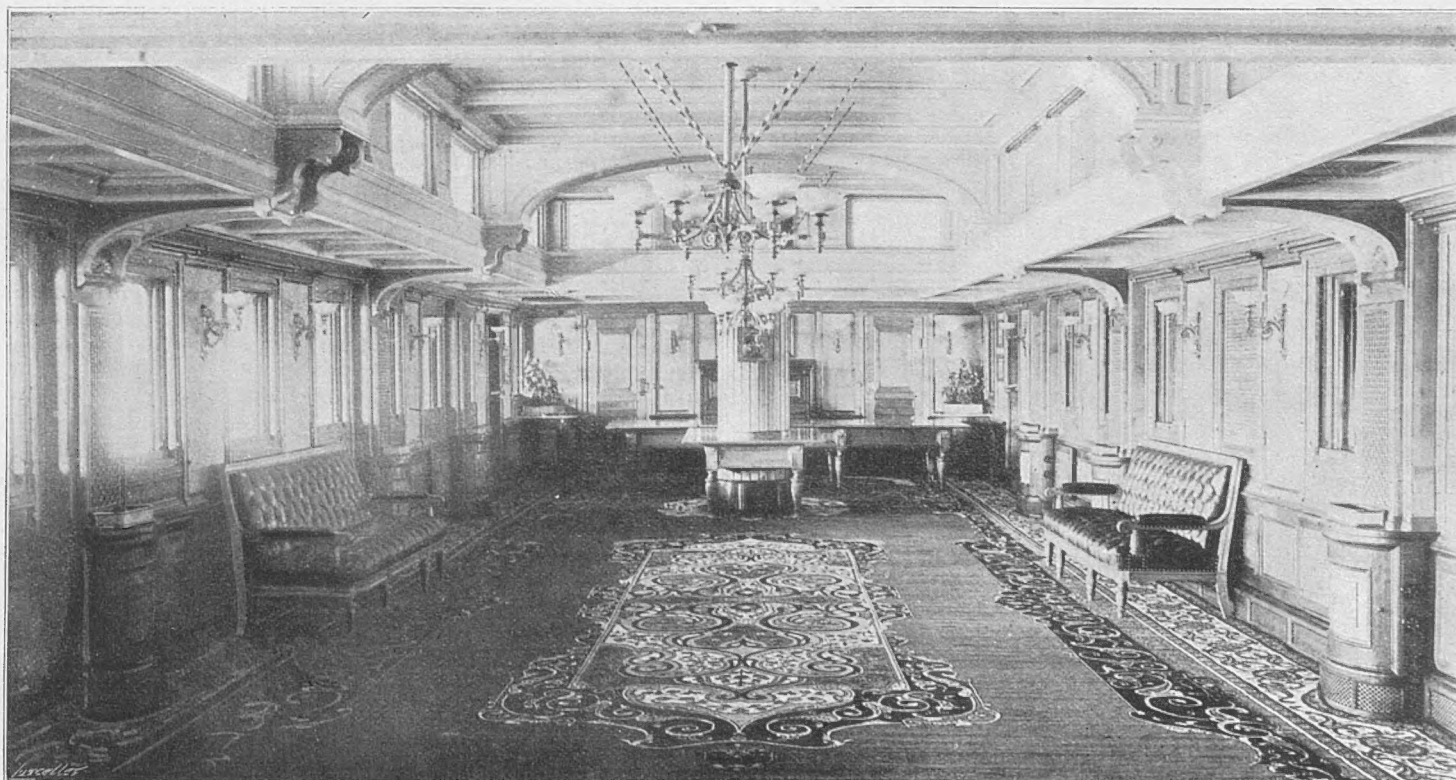
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PETERS, CAPE TOWN.

subject of conversation in Cape Colony, and the Duke and Duchess by their tact and kindness undoubtedly rendered easier the difficult task lying in front of Lord Milner. One of the most striking functions presided over by the future Sovereign and his Consort was the laying of the foundation-stone of the Nurses' Home at Cape Town, the most fitting and touching form of memorial of our late Queen which could well have been devised, for it is one in which Dutch, Outlander, and Colonist can all sympathise.

*An Imperial Floating Sea-Palace.* The Russian Imperial yacht *Standart* is by far the most splendid of the floating palaces in which Royal and Imperial sailors delight to spend their brief holidays. Few of us realise to what a pitch luxury is carried in Russia,

German Emperor, the fittings of whose own yacht *Hohenzollern* appear quite Spartan-like by the side of those of the *Standart*. The Empress Alix and her little daughters wear on the sea quite plain yachting-costumes; they are rough-weather sailors and enjoy being out on deck in a high wind.

*The Bill to Pay.* The French Government is spending to fête its Imperial guests something over two million francs. At least, this was the sum foreseen and set apart in advance. It was divided into three parts—a half-million was accredited to the Foreign Office, a million and a-half to the War Office, and the remainder to the Marine Budget. More or less might be spent. If the sum appears enormous, it is modest compared to the outlay five years ago, when the



APROPOS OF THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE: SALOON OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT "STANDART," SHOWING THE CARPET PRESENTED TO THE CZAR BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

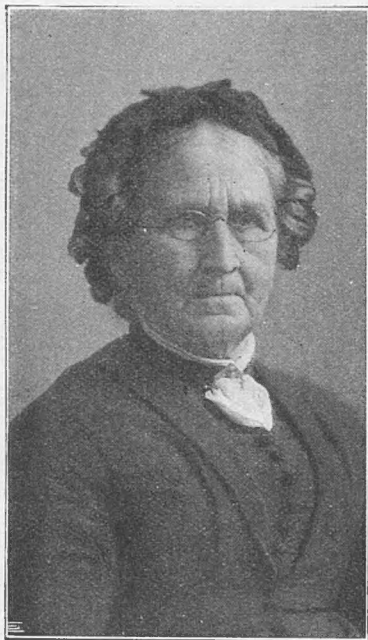
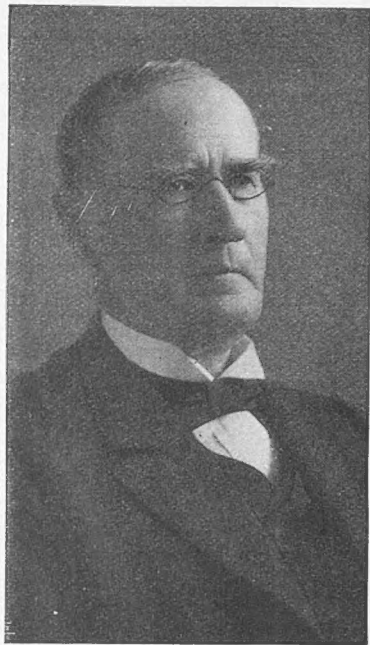


fêtes given to the Czar at Paris cost 1,600,000 francs for the decoration of the city alone. It is true that at that time they made the trees blossom in October, which was a use for money which nobody had ever thought of before.

*Souvenirs of the "Little Prince."* If the Empress Eugénie reads the French papers, she cannot fail to be moved by the souvenirs of the Prince Imperial which are creeping every day into print, the result of having stirred the dust at Compiègne. At the Château, besides the Prince's bedroom, there remains his play-room,

of suspicion. Louis XV. furniture was being placed pell-mell with that of the Renaissance. Pictures were hung up as they arrived. Tapestry of ridiculous contradiction with the furniture was nailed up like a poster on a hoarding-station. Books of enormous value were trampled on and simply used to fill up vacant corners. Even on the stage, in the changing of massive scenery, I have never seen such a running and racing crowd of workmen. Possibly it looked all right when the Royal guests entered, but, if the Czar had time to think, he must have formed strange ideas of French upholstery. The visit of the Czar was, by the way, used as an excuse to once more revive an interest in the Boer War. Highly tearful pictures of Kruger without a hat and with no boots were offered on the boulevards, accompanied by some lachrymose verse in the form of post-cards and addressed to the Czar; but no one bought them.

*The Montebellos.* The Ambassador of France to Russia, the Marquis of Montebello, is one of the very few personalities concerned who are still at the posts they occupied when the Franco-Russian Alliance was broached. He has been happier than the Russian Ambassador to Paris concerned in the same negotiations, the Count de Morenheim, who was dismissed in disgrace. It is understood that M. de Morenheim is banished from Russia; at any rate, though he has left Paris, he has never left France, and is to-day at Luchon, whence he was not invited on the present occasion to meet his august master. The Marquis and Madame de Montebello were commanded from St. Petersburg to stay at Compiègne during the entire length of the Imperial visit. Not only this, but the Empress graciously consented



THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

where nothing has been disturbed. All the toys are there and the picture-books, just as he left them. It is not only at Compiègne that there remain traces of the "little Prince." At the Louvre, opening off from an inner court, never opened to the public, there are the stables where he kept his ponies. The stalls are there still, just as he left them, and over each one is written the name of the "little Prince's" favourites. Out at St. Cloud it is the same thing. There the Prince had a garden of his own. Within a few weeks this little garden has been restored. Never before did the French public recall with so much emotion the lad who, since he vanished from their sight at the age of thirteen, remains always for them the "little Prince."

*Topsy-Turvydom at Compiègne.* The appearance of the Château de Compiègne when I went down on the Sunday preceding the visit of the Czar was of the most extraordinary. It was very difficult to get into the Château, and anyone with a kodak was an object



MRS. MCKINLEY: A RECENT PORTRAIT.

Photo taken by Underwood and Underwood for the London Stereoscopic Company.

to be godmother to their grandson, who was to be baptised in the Imperial Chapel of the Château.

The French Embassy at St. Petersburg is kept up with a luxury and an expense which the French Government permits nowhere else. All the State Palaces have been ransacked and the Government manufactories put under contribution to furnish it sumptuously. The most famous pieces of Gobelins are on its walls, and Sèvres vases are in its galleries—in short, it is a museum of French art. The fêtes given there are of quasi-royal splendour, exceeding anything in St. Petersburg outside the Imperial Households. For one of those fêtes the French Government sent up Mdlle. Bartet from the Théâtre-Français to recite a poem—five days' journey for a recitation five minutes long! The Marquis is the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps at St. Petersburg. Madame de Montebello fills perfectly her high social rôle and is very much liked by the Empress.

#### *A Touching Romance.*

By a curious irony of fate, Mrs. McKinley, by far the most quiet and retiring of all the excellent ladies who have accepted the duties and responsibilities which fall to the share of the mistress of the White House, now finds herself the subject of universal sympathy and interest. Her marriage to the late President was a true romance. At the time they first met she was the daughter of a wealthy banker, and Mr. McKinley an utterly unknown young lawyer. The story goes that, with characteristic courage, after first seeing his future wife, Mr. McKinley lost no time in seeking an interview with the young lady's father, who, having no suspicion of what was coming, opened the conversation by remarking, "Now, my young friend, who are you? And what can I do for you?" "My name," replied his visitor, "is McKinley, I am a lawyer, and I wish to marry your daughter!"



THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET. THE SAME CABINET WILL WORK UNDER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Photo taken by Underwood and Underwood for the London Stereoscopic Company.



*Mrs. McKinley's  
Married Life.*

Perhaps, under the circumstances, no one can wonder that the course of true love did not at first run smooth, but, as all the world knows, the marriage finally took place, and proved an ideally happy one, notwithstanding the fact that the loss of her children during the early years of her married life broke down Mrs. McKinley's health and turned her into a permanent invalid. Washington will greatly miss Mrs. McKinley, for, though she played scarce any part in the social life of that city, she exerted an excellent influence on all those brought into official contact with her, and took a vivid interest in the numerous charitable and philanthropic agencies which flourish in the American Capital.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WIFE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

written of him his wife's name is rarely mentioned. This does not mean, however, that the woman who has now become the first lady in the land is a nonentity—quite the contrary. She is a very clever, capable woman, holding just as many original views of life as does her husband, who is devoted to her. She will much miss her happy, quiet, home life, but her sojourn at the White House is sure to have an invigorating effect on Washington Society.

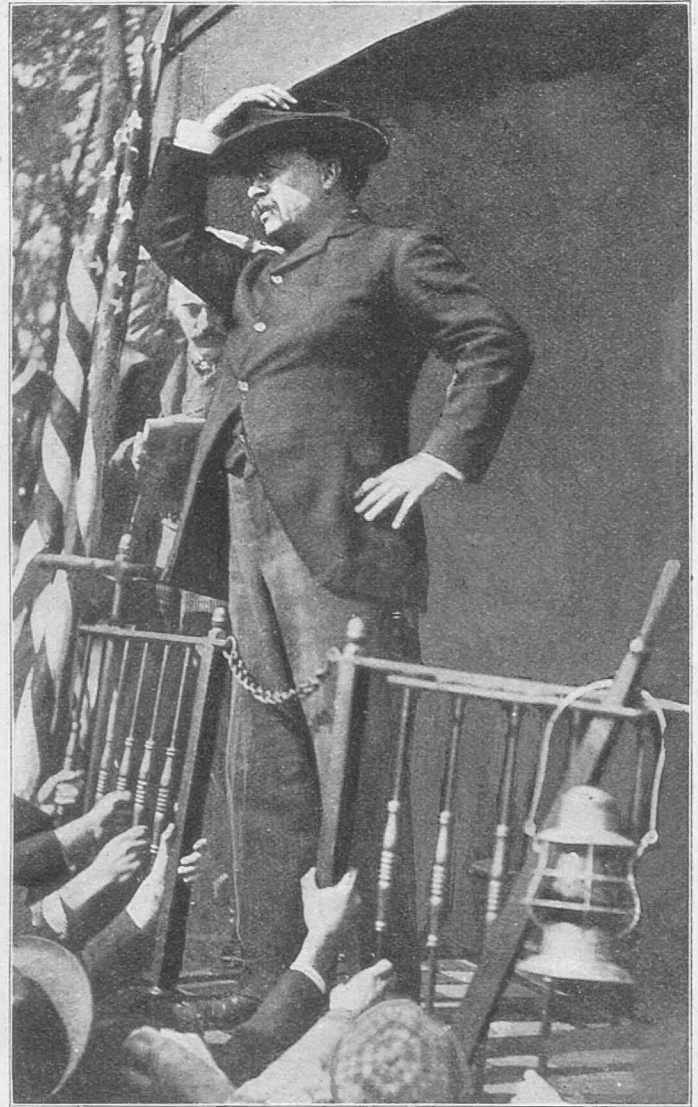
*President  
Roosevelt's  
Ancestry.*

It is being stated that Mr. Roosevelt, the new President of the United States, is of Dutch descent, because he has inherited a Dutch name, but anyone who will take the trouble to figure up Mr. Roosevelt's ancestry will find that he is essentially American-English. Eight generations ago, Mr. Roosevelt had a Dutch paternal ancestor. The descent ever since has been English, and an investigation of the

records of the Roosevelt family through the eight generations will show that the Dutch strain forms an infinitesimal fraction. But the name persists. It is an illustration of the errors which may result from the English custom of carrying down exclusively the paternal name. The French do better; they link at will the paternal and maternal, and drop one or the other at convenience. The Vanderbilts also bear a Dutch name, but I fancy they would, and with reason, be surprised to be taken for anything but English-Americans. There are few people in America more English than Mr. Roosevelt.

*A Good Story  
about  
Mr. Carnegie.*

Stories are accumulating rapidly around the name of Mr. Andrew Carnegie—the Scots-millionaire, I hear, does not take kindly to the appellation “Dr.”—and the latest is decidedly one of the most characteristic of the genial man of millions. After the ceremony of receiving the Freedom of Glasgow, and while passing from his cab to the hotel, Mr. Carnegie was greeted with the salutation, uttered in the



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MAKING A SPEECH FROM THE END OF A TRAIN DURING THE ELECTIONS LAST YEAR.

*Photo by Bain, New York.*



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHO SUCCEEDS THE LATE MR. MCKINLEY.

dialect peculiar to his native Fifeshire, “Well done for Snuffy Martin’s School!” That, it appears, was the local designation of the humble scholastic establishment in Dunfermline where Mr. Carnegie as a lad conned the letters of the alphabet. The exclamation came from an old school-fellow, and it at once appealed to the Scots-American, who stopped, gave the speaker a hearty hand-shake, and intimated that he was happy to have met him. No wonder the Dunfermline man was as proud as if he had been presented at Court.

*Governor of  
Tasmania.*

Sir Arthur Havelock, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., who is leaving England to take up the duties of Governor of Tasmania in the new Commonwealth, will be accompanied to Australasia by Lady Havelock. Sir Arthur has had a very distinguished career, for both before and since his retirement from the Army he has held many responsible posts—in the Seychelles, Fiji, West Africa, Trinidad, Natal, and Ceylon. His last appointment was as Governor of Madras, a position which he filled for some five years with conspicuous ability. He will shortly be entitled to a Colonial Office pension—though his stay in India did not count in this regard. Perhaps, however, the splendid climate and beautiful scenery of Tasmania, to say nothing of the hearty welcome he is certain to receive from our fortunate Colonial brethren, may induce him to defer his retirement for a time. In any case, the good wishes of their many friends go with Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock in their journey to the Antipodes.



### *The Court at Balmoral.*

The arrival of the Court on Deeside will naturally give immense satisfaction in Scotland, the more so that the King's visit to his Scottish estate is taken as a sign that he intends to spend a portion of each year north of the Tweed. Their Majesties have many pleasant associations with Balmoral, and the fact that the Duke and Duchess of Fife are among their near neighbours naturally causes them to regard their Scottish home with special liking. Many notable changes have taken place in the interior of the Castle, and for the first time for forty years the charming rooms which were during his lifetime exclusively used by the late Prince Consort will be once more occupied by the living, for the King has chosen them for his own, and this suite commands the prettiest views of any rooms in the Castle.

### *An Interesting Function.*

An interesting function, and one which is likely to bring together an immense gathering of loyal Scots, will take place shortly: King Edward will solemnly unveil the Celtic Cross which is to be the Deeside memorial of the Duke of Coburg. A melancholy interest attaches to the memorial, owing to the fact that it is the last erected by the command of Queen Victoria, who herself selected the site last autumn.

### *Princess Christian's New Home.*

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian will soon be in possession of her new town-house in Pall Mall. It may be remembered that Queen Victoria gave up Bushey House, which has now become a Government Laboratory, and received in exchange two houses in Pall Mall,



THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

near the War Office. These were allocated to Princess Christian's use, and workmen have been busy for some time past in converting them into one dwelling. In November Her Royal Highness is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Spencer at Althorp Park, and during her stay will visit Northampton to open the new Nursing Institution which has been established in that town as a memorial to Queen Victoria. In spite of the loss of her much-loved son and the death of her august mother and of the Empress Frederick, Princess Christian's interest in all such beneficent and charitable undertakings has suffered no abatement.

### *A Notable Coming-of-Age.*

Lord and Lady Pembroke celebrated their eldest son's coming of age with old-fashioned and generous hospitality, and the whole neighbourhood of Wilton House was *en fête* during the earlier half of last week. Lambtons and Herberts gathered in great force to wish Lord Herbert "Many happy returns of the day," and among other members of the house-party were Lord Ingestre, Lord Hyde, Lady Mabel Crichton, and the pretty American heiress, Miss Goelet.

Lord Herbert should greatly distinguish himself if the laws of heredity count for anything, for he comes of very famous stock on both sides of the

house. His paternal grandfather, Lord Herbert of Lea, may be said to have disentangled the Crimean imbroglio, and through his mother he is descended from the celebrated Lord Durham, while through her also he is the nephew of Captain (Ladysmith) Lambton.

The young Marchioness of Anglesey is one of the most ethereal and refined-looking of twentieth-century beauties. She spends a considerable portion of each year in France, for she has many attached friends in the old French Legitimist Society, and this summer has been spent by her at Dinard. Lady Anglesey is a daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and the Marchioness of Hastings; her marriage to the head of the house of Paget created quite a sensation, and the wedding was, perhaps, the smartest of its year.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

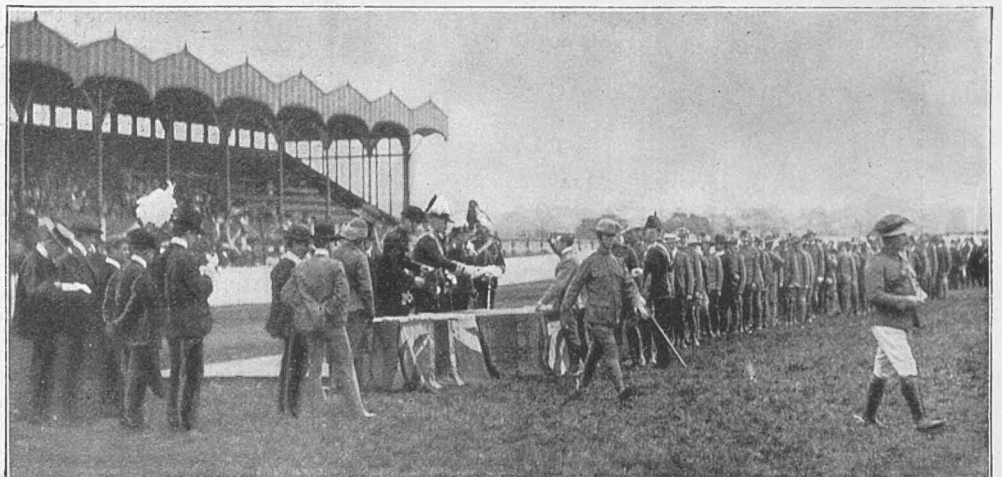
Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

To-morrow, Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., who the other week

had to mourn the death of a son that had nearly attained the Psalmist's limit of life, enters his ninety-ninth year. The marvellous recovery of the venerable painter from the attack of pneumonia in the spring of the year made Mr. Cooper the subject of numerous congratulations, and this, with the recent honour graciously conferred upon him by King Edward, renders his birthday one of world-wide interest. As has already been stated in *The Sketch*, the *doyen* of the Royal Academy had four characteristic landscapes in this year's exhibition. These were completed by Mr. Cooper during the past twelvemonth.

### *Presentation of War-Medals at Belfast.*

Although enjoying a period of well-earned leave, Lieutenant-General Sir George White, V.C., is one way and another performing a good deal of military duty just now. In Belfast, for example (where he is staying at the present moment), he recently presided at the opening of a Military Tournament that was held in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. On this occasion, he presented to a number of officers and men of the 46th, 54th, and 60th Companies of the Imperial Yeomanry, and of the Special Service Sections of the Donegal and Antrim Artillery Militia, the medals earned by them in South Africa. Special interest was attached to the proceedings by the fact that among the recipients of the decoration was a lady. This was Mrs. Ludlow (wife of Major E. M. O. Ludlow, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General for the District), who had formed one of the garrison of Ladysmith during its memorable siege. Two members of the Soldiers' Chaplains Association who have lately been doing duty with the troops in the Field, Messrs. D. A. Black and J. Kinahan, had the medal conferred upon them also. In his address to the troops on the conclusion of the ceremony, Sir George remarked that special credit belonged to the men who had just been brought to his notice by reason of the fact that they were not professional soldiers, but Volunteers who had been inspired by patriotism to encounter the hardships of war.



SIR GEORGE WHITE PRESENTING MEDALS TO THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AT BELFAST.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.



*A Pretty Cornish Wedding.*

The pretty little Church of St. Kew, near Wadebridge, Cornwall, was on Tuesday, the 17th inst., the scene of the wedding of Mr. T. G. Horridge, the well-known K.C. of the Northern Circuit, and Miss Evelyn Sandys, daughter of Mr. Melville Sandys, of Lanarth, Cornwall. Willing helpers from the surrounding district had transformed the church into a perfect bower of white flowers and ferns for the occasion, and the bride's uncle, the Rev. F. Cardew, tied the nuptial knot, assisted by three other clergy. The bride was given away by her father, and her handsome wedding-dress of white brocade was trimmed

*A Kiel Story of the Czarina.*

An amusing story is being told in Berlin (continues my Correspondent in that Capital) about the way in which the Russian Empress succeeded in eluding the gaping populace at Kiel. Her Majesty had been on Sunday morning to see one of the art-studios near the Castle. The public, on learning that she was there, congregated outside in large numbers, in the hope of seeing her as she came out again. It appears, however, that their curiosity was never satisfied, for the Czarina, learning of the large crowd outside, asked one of the attendants if there were no exit at the back of the house. To this he replied in the affirmative, but added that the way

was stopped by a board. "That does not matter," answered Her Majesty; "if you get me a ladder, I will soon climb over the plank." No sooner said than done. The ladder having been placed in position, the Empress of Russia climbed it, jumped over the plank, and thus succeeded in avoiding the unwelcome attentions of the over-inquisitive populace.

*A Legacy to the House of Coburg.*

Her late Majesty the Empress Frederick has left to the house of Coburg a very handsome bracelet, in the form of a diadem studded with diamonds, on the condition that it shall always be worn on State occasions by the ruling Duchess of Coburg. This condition is by no means a difficult one to comply with, for the bracelet is marvellously handsome. Besides it, several beautiful pieces of jewellery have also been bequeathed to the same house. They are now to be seen in the Castle at Coburg.

*Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia.*

Prince Henry of Prussia has now been promoted to be full Admiral. This promotion is the first that Prince Henry has received out of the usual order, he having mounted the lower steps of the ladder like every other member of the Navy. In this case, however, he has been passed over the heads of four seniors, namely, Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs, Chief of the Admiralty Staff; Baron Senden Bibran, Chief of the Naval Cabinet; Vice-Admiral Bendemann, Chief of the Cruiser Squadron; and Admiral von Tirpitz, Secretary of State of the German Navy.

*Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry, and Glasgow.*

Both Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, during their stay in Glasgow, where each is equally popular—and Sir Henry had renewed evidence of this in the enthusiasm of the audiences that called and recalled the great actor after his personation of Louis XI.—visited the Exhibition and spent considerable time making a tour of the grounds. Miss Terry, with the object, no doubt, of reserving her energy for her evening duties, was wheeled around the courts in a bath-chair. The great artist expressed her extreme delight with all she saw.

*The Kaiser at Cadinen.*

The Kaiser and the Kaiserin of Germany, with their children, have been thoroughly enjoying the simple rural delights of the little country seat of Cadinen (writes my Berlin Correspondent). For the children the visit has been especially amusing. The shooting-box is most simple in its structure and most limited in accommodation. So much is this the case that the retinue taken from Berlin were obliged to sleep in all sorts of odd places—in barns, stables, and lofts. The little Princess, who, by the way, completed on the 13th her ninth birthday, was forced to content herself with the bath-room, not very pleasing, it may be imagined, to her small ladyship, who has the name for being rather spoilt and possessing a very high opinion of her own importance.

To celebrate the Princess's birthday, the children of the village were all invited by the Empress to tea in the afternoon. They romped all over the place, played every imaginable game, ran races, and generally enjoyed themselves. The winners were brought to the Empress by little Prince Joachim, and received substantial prizes for their pains. One poor little fellow, who had fallen during one of the races, burst out crying with disappointment and mortification at being out of the running. Prince Joachim, however, went up to him and comforted him, the Empress herself largely contributing towards the disappearance of the tears by giving the little fellow a piece of silver.



MR. T. G. HORRIDGE, K.C. MISS EVELYNE SANDYS.  
WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. KEW CHURCH, NEAR WADEBRIDGE, CORNWALL, ON SEPT.-17.

From Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



THE KING ALFRED MILLENNARY: THE GUILDHALL AT WINCHESTER, WHERE THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS HELD A RECEPTION ON THURSDAY LAST. (SEE PAGES 394 AND 395.)

Photo by Martin Ridley, Bournemouth.



### The Lord Mayor-Elect.

From time immemorial the proud position of Lord Mayor of London has been associated with names that have been synonyms for benevolence and hospitality. Never has this been more conspicuously the case than of late years, for the Lord Mayors of London of recent times have



ALDERMAN SIR J. C. DIMSDALE,  
LORD MAYOR-ELECT OF LONDON.  
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

most nobly maintained the time-honoured traditions of the Guildhall and Mansion House. Generally associated with "Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London Town" (in reality, the immortal Richard was four times Mayor), the position is much more ancient, for it dates as far back as the Roman occupation, though the title "Mayor" was not assumed till 1189. That of "Lord Mayor" was bestowed by Edward III. in 1354. However, my business is not with the past, but with the future, and I have much pleasure in presenting herewith a portrait of Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale, M.P., who will succeed the Right Honourable Frank Green as Lord Mayor of London Town on the Ninth of November next. A Managing Director of the famous banking firm of Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell, and Co., Sir Joseph was once an Eton boy. He has been an Alderman since 1891, and became Sheriff three years later. He has represented the City in Parliament for the past eleven years, and since 1895, as one of its members on the London County Council, he has done good service. Sir Joseph will follow one of the most popular Lord Mayors of recent times, and, in view of the Coronation, his year of office should be particularly eventful. However, it may confidently be anticipated that he will be found fully equal to any occasion, and *The Sketch* wishes him every success and trusts that His Gracious Majesty may see fit to add yet another honour to the many already gained by the distinguished representative of Cornhill Ward.

### Bristol's Beautiful Suburbs.

Deservedly famed for warm-hearted hospitality and a geniality akin to their honeyed accents, West Country people are lucky to have at their very gate, as it were, a city which embodies those virtues to so marked a degree as Bristol, particularly under the Lord Mayoralty of Mr. J. Colthurst Godwin, J.P. It fell to this gentleman's lot last week to

welcome to Bristol the Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers, and this he did with a whole-heartedness it was a pleasure to witness. As I have before mentioned, the Institute has an exceptionally urbane and tactful President this year in Mr. Alexander Naughty, J.P., of Dingwall, N.B. Right well he proved his capacity for this office by the thoughtful, useful, and admirable inaugural address he read at the Council House, and by his model speeches at the annual dinner, which was honoured by the presence of "three men of Bristol City," not in any way resembling the heroes of Thackeray's poem, but three foremost citizens in the persons of the Lord Mayor, the High Sheriff, and President of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, besides the devoted Chairman of the local Reception Committee (Mr. S. G. Turner), and the blithe and hard-working Honorary Secretary (Mr. J. Fuller Eberle). Grace to the efforts of the two last-named gentlemen, the magnificently picturesque riverside scenery of Clifton, with its wonderfully well-wooded heights and splendidly invigorating drives, was brought home to the members during a delightful coaching-trip on Wednesday morning. It would be impossible to extol too highly the grandly beautiful landscape to be enjoyed in crossing Clifton Suspension Bridge, or to overpraise the view down the Avon Valley to Bristol. Clifton is a place to visit again and again. The tram-car "whirl of the town" itself is not unprofitable when it includes a visit to Bristol Cathedral, to the sublime old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, to the bracing downs above the city, and to the superbly organised manufactories of Messrs. Wills, the great tobacco-manufacturers, and Messrs. Fry, the equally great cocoa-manufacturers. Of the Merchant Princes of Bristol, MM. Wills and Fry are among its most princely benefactors; and their spacious and well-ordered hives, full of happy workers, stand as exemplary monuments of their conspicuous merits as employers. Further afield, Bristol offers enchanting excursions, such as are indicated in the illustrated programme of the British Carriage Manufacturers' Institute (Tintern Abbey, and the rest), which I have much pleasure in reproducing as a memento of a most pleasurable visit to the West Country city, and of Mr. Alexander Naughty's praiseworthy presidency during this notable and enjoyable Bristol meeting. It should be added that the tasteful Drawing was executed by Messrs. Mardon, Son, and Hall; and that the comely and able manageress of the Royal Hotel, Mrs. Rogers, deserved a warm vote of thanks for the provision of excellent feasts for the hospitable carriage-builders, whose assiduous Secretary, Mr. H. E. Perrin, also cheerily contributed to the success of the Bristol meeting.



MR. ALEXANDER NAUGHTY,  
PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF BRITISH CARRIAGE  
MANUFACTURERS.

Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

### Distinguished Visitors at the British Association.

Amongst the distinguished visitors at the closing meetings of the British Association in Glasgow were the malarial mosquito and three of Professor Cossar Ewart's hybrid zebras from Penicuik, which, when turned into the grassy quadrangle during the afternoon, were much admired as they moved about and ate the short grass. Major Ronald Ross told the story of malaria, and showed that the extinction of the mosquito could be ensured in the neighbourhood of towns by clearing every drop of stagnant water away. A West of Scotland gentleman had subscribed two thousand pounds towards the experiments of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. The specimens of the dangerous mosquito shown were those from Liverpool, which used to carry malaria in England. Now, however, the fever had been cured by quinine. The hybrid zebras were "Remus," "Sir John," and "Birgas." "Remus," the largest, was born May 1897; dam, a 14-hands bay half-bred Irish pony. One suggested use for these hybrids was in connection with mountain batteries.

Eighty thousand copies of "The Eternal City" have been sold before publication in America.



President - ALEXANDER NAUGHTY, Esq., J.P. Dingwall, N.B.



*Burial of Prince Henri.*

It is expected that the body of Prince Henri of Orléans will reach France on the 25th (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Already his sister, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, the Comtesse de Paris and her children, and the other members of the family are gathered at the family-seat of the Duc de Chartres, at Dreux, where he will be interred. All are there except the Duc d'Orléans, who cannot enter France. It is said that the Duke had the singular idea of sending the sailors of his pleasure-yacht, the *Maroussia*, ashore at Marseilles, to act as an escort-of-honour to the bier, a bizarre proposition which the family refused. It is well known that the Duke and his cousin Henri were not on friendly terms.

*The Generalissimo at Reims.*

General Brugère was in charge of the troops for the Grand Review at Reims. He is but sixty years old, which is considered an early age to have taken all the grades and risen to the head of the Army, and his own friends do not hesitate to say, in deploring it, that his too rapid course has been due to politics. They say that, if he has occupied the posts, he has in no wise replaced his predecessors. He was Captain under Bourbaki during the War of 1870, Secretary of the Presidency under Thiers, and Secretary-General of the Presidency under Carnot, and has written a work on artillery tactics.

*Ristori's Diamond Wedding.*

Adelaide Ristori is, it seems, still alive. She appeared first on the stage eighty years ago, for she began to act in 1821, when she was two months old. She is, then, at her Diamond Wedding with the stage, an occurrence which probably the world never saw before. On this occasion one of her old French admirers proposes to give himself the pleasure of making the journey to Italy to kiss her hand. This admirer is M. Legouvé, of the French Academy, who was born in 1807. Is it not charming? These two were at the height of their career nearly half a century ago. It was then that M. Legouvé wrote his tragedy of *Medea*, which Ristori played in all the Capitals of Europe with immense success.

*The New Marguerite.*

I sympathise deeply with Mlle. de Parny in being selected by Madame Sarah Bernhardt to represent Marguerite Gauthier in "*La Dame aux Camélias*" at her own theatre. She is a charming actress and just the age of Dumas' heroine, and her interpretation was full of emotion; but, unfortunately, she was surrounded by a cast of such indifferent quality

forestalled him. At the station he was received with hooting and also cordial shakes of the hand. He found his villa surrounded and imagined that he was the victim of some nightmare, for his appearance



MISS EVIE GREENE AS KITTY GREY, AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

was always the signal for hooting and cheering. In despair, he went to the Mayor, who calmly informed him that he was Dreyfus in disguise!

*A Duel to the Death.*

I am inclined to think that Madame Rosalba must be tired of Russia. The charming artiste of the Champs-Élysées Concerts has led to a duel and the death of Prince Wittgenstein at St. Petersburg. A year ago, she said that she would never enter Russia again, and she told me a horrible tale of the chances of her going to Siberia. Some young officer of the Czar's Household had pestered her at the stage-door, and, finding all matrimonial offers in vain, he denounced her as a Nihilist spy, and it was only by an accident that she was able to cross the frontier in time to avoid arrest. She is, I believe, engaged to appear at a London music-hall.

*The French Solomon.*

All the Paris legal profession is again talking of M. Magnaud, who refuses to follow the letter of the law in giving judgment, but bases his decision on simple equity. He had before him the case of a prodigal son whose father desired that he should be made a ward-in-Chancery. M. Magnaud point-blank refused, and declared that the son was doing his duty in scattering the accumulated wealth among the classes. There can be no chance of this practical judgment being revoked, for this was precisely the argument that I heard Waldeck-Rousseau, the Prime Minister, use when he acted as counsel for Max Lebaudy under identical circumstances.

*Sir Arthur R. F. Dorward.*

Whatever may be the merits of Wei-Hai-Wei as a Naval base—and accounts are so conflicting that it is impossible for the stay-at-home to form an opinion—it is comforting to know that its new Commissioner is a distinguished officer of "Sappers." Major-General Sir Arthur R. Ford Dorward, K.C.B., D.S.O., is a veteran of the Afghan War and Burmese Expedition, and gained the "D.S.O." and promotion for his services as Commanding Royal Engineer in the latter. Some twelvemonth before the Chinese imbroglio he went to Wei-Hai-Wei to take up the post of Brigadier-General on that station, and since then his conspicuous services in the Field have brought further distinction, for the "K.C.B." has just been conferred on him. His latest appointment is a still further reward. Wei-Hai-Wei is said to be fast becoming a pleasure resort for those British merchants and their families who find the older places less salubrious since the joint European occupation, and hotels and shops are springing up in all directions. But this is not exactly the purpose for which it was acquired.



GENERAL BRUGÈRE, WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE FRENCH TROOPS AT REIMS FOR THE GRAND REVIEW IN HONOUR OF THE CZAR.

Photo by Boyer, Paris.

that even Sarah herself could not refrain from bursting into laughter at the mouthing of one of the actors in a tragic scene. It is rather hard on a young actress.

*A Too Practical Joke.*

One of the most popular playwrights in Paris has been victimised, I hear, by a well-known wag. In order to get peace and quietness to finish a play for the Palais-Royal, he went to a country town. A reputation had





## LETTERS TO DOLLIE—WITH FOREIGN POSTMARKS.

### III.

*Stockholm, the Home of the Taximeter—How to Manage a Taximeter from Inside the Cab—And from the Box-Seat—Some Useful Instruction in the Physical and Political Geography of the City—Not Forgetting to Mention the Cafés—The Swedes and Sousa—I Decide to Lengthen my Wedding Tour—But Hesitate on Recalling a Certain Adventure.*

STOCKHOLM, my dear Dollie, has been called the Venice of the North. The justice of this description, of course, is as it may be, but I can vouch for the fact that there are taximeters on all the cabs. Immediately on my arrival at Stockholm, I saw a taximeter, and a taximeter was the last thing that met my eye before leaving. You see, there is no getting away from the instrument. As you sit in your cab, the dial is directly opposite to you, and so weird and fascinating is its action that the effort of will required to enable one to look away and study the surrounding objects of interest and beauty is really not worth while.

During the course of my drive from the quay to the hotel, I passed by the King's Palace. Now, had I been on foot, nothing—that is to say, hardly anything—would have interested me more than to know that I was actually beneath the shadow of a Royal residence. I should probably have come to a halt on the pavement, folded my hands across my chest, placed my hat reverently on the back of my head, and speculated, vainly, as to the exact locality of the Royal tooth-brush. The taximeter cab, however, prevented me from devoting my time to any such ennobling dream. It just allowed me to see that the building resembles a series of workmen's flats without being quite so ornate, and then went on to explain, in a series of ticks, that I had expended, up to that point, 75 öre.

A taximeter, you see, is like a small boy—it's got to be watched or it begins to play tricks. As long as you keep your eye on it, the hand will remain at the same figure for quite a long time, but, as sure as you allow yourself the luxury of a nap or your attention is directed by the driver to an exquisite bit of scenery, round it ticks like an active player in the French variation of that historic game. Sometimes I would

pretend to be asleep, leaning back with my eyes half-closed. Not once did I catch the taximeter napping. Then, again, I would pretend to admire the view: ha! the little beast knew as well as possible that I had the tail of my eye on him all the time.

The drivers, of course, fully appreciate the value of a wide-awake taximeter, and I expect the most cunning instruments cost a lot of money. Once or twice I happened to charter a vehicle in which the taximeter was tired or sleepy, and the driver had to resort to little devices of his own to make up the difference. One man, I noticed, drove from side to side of the road all the way. Another, possessed of less patience, made a practice of seeking out the dips and hillocks in the road and drove over



them with such a bump that he made at least twenty-five öre each time that he threw me on to the small of my back.

However, I didn't ride in cabs *all* the time I was at Stockholm, and so I am able to give you some useful information as to the city and the

surrounding neighbourhood, the restaurants and museums, the inhabitants and their customs. Stockholm, then, is the Capital of the Kingdom of Sweden, the seat of the Government and the Supreme Courts of Law, and has a population of 275,000—most of whom must have been in bed throughout the week or so that I spent in the town. The surrounding neighbourhood, as reflected in the glass that protects the face of the taximeter from the onslaughts of infuriated passengers, is rocky, wet, and not half so inspiring as wool-work.

The restaurants and cafés are sufficiently conducive, but the managers have an annoying habit of putting on dinner as early as three o'clock in the afternoon. I can understand, of course, that they arrange their times in accordance with the customs of the country, but it is rather hard to be told that one mustn't smoke after lunch because people are just coming in to dinner. I talked the matter over, on one occasion, with five waiters, each of whom spoke a different language from the others and all of whom talked at once. I found them quite lively and wide-awake, but extremely difficult to convince.

The reason why the Swedish people dine so early is because they like to have a good long evening in which to enjoy their national pastime of sitting out-of-doors and listening to bands. That is to say, in the summer. I don't know what they do in the winter. Perhaps they sit and listen to bands indoors. Anyhow, as long as the drum bangs, the cymbals clash, the trumpets bray, and the chair holds together, they are as happy as kings. Happier, for all I know, especially when the number is one of Sousa's marches. Should the evening turn cold, they don't go home. Oh, no! They just wrap themselves up in blankets and go on as before.

As for myself, I was quite content to loll outside the hotel in a wicker-chair and watch the life of the city from beneath the brim of my hat. To the left, one of the innumerable waterways of Stockholm sparkled in the sun, its surface continually ploughed up with floating traffic of every description. To my right, a broad street stretched away to the Opera House, its white paving, piping hot beneath the sun, throwing into sharp relief the line of waiting cabs and the groups of chattering fruit-sellers. In front of me rose up a rocky hill entirely covered

with picturesque houses of every size, shape, and colour. The only object in view that was really ugly enough to spoil the general effect of the picture was the Royal Palace of His Majesty the King. The present Sovereign, they tell me, is by way of being an artist. I can only hope that, when he sees fit to drive abroad, he takes the precaution of providing the Royal brougham with a taximeter.

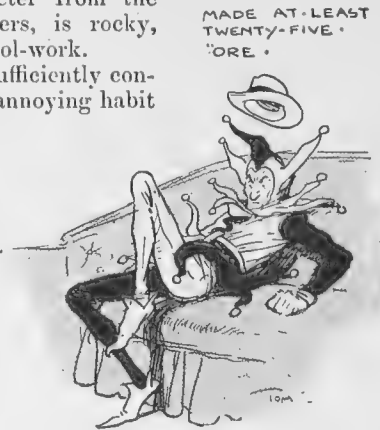
P.S.—I am not at all sure that I shan't linger at Stockholm on my wedding tour.

P.P.S.—By the way, I think, after all, I will tell you my little bathing adventure. It is so typical of Stockholm and is really quite harmless. The first morning after my arrival, then, I rang the bell in my room and asked the man who answered it to get me a bath ready. He disappeared, and some ten minutes later another knock woke me from a gentle dose. I opened my eyes to see a hard-featured lady, some forty to fifty years of age, standing in the doorway and beckoning to me with a bared and stalwart arm. Concluding that she wished to show me the way to the bath-room, I jumped out of bed and paddled after her down the passage.

Very well, then. When we arrived at the bath-room, she went in before me and waited. She was, as I have said, a muscular lady and her dress was innocent of sleeves. Concealing my nervousness as best I might, I put my hand into the water, nodded to indicate that it was just as I liked it, and made her a graceful bow of dismissal. Imagine my horror, dear Dollie, when she simply shook her head and refused to move! In vain it was that I talked to her pleadingly, persuasively, sternly, in English, French, American, Coster, Latin, Hebrew, and Greek. Still she smiled and waited, waited and smiled.

The situation, you will understand, was rapidly growing desperate, and, in the end, I found myself reluctantly compelled to use force. Executing a strategic movement, therefore, I seized her suddenly by the shoulders, pushed her into the passage, and slammed the door! It was not gallant, but what would you? I afterwards discovered that, in accordance with the custom of the country, she considered it her duty to scrub me down. Shades of my babyhood!

"Chic!"





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APROPOS OF THE KING ALFRED MILLENARY:

WANTAGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF KING ALFRED.



THE STATUE OF KING ALFRED AT WANTAGE. BY THE LATE  
COUNT GLEICHEN.



THE FAMOUS BLOWING-STONE, NEAR WANTAGE.



WANTAGE MARKET-PLACE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM REVELEY, WANTAGE.

## SOME SPORTSMEN: THE DUFFER.

**H**IS friends call him "the duffer," and, if he does not quite deserve the title, he does not resent it. From the middle of August down to the days when an approach of mild weather warns him to leave the rabbits alone, he is out with his gun. Sometimes we hear of him missing his birds in Ireland; sometimes Scotland sees him waste his cartridges; more often it is his own land, extending over a couple of thousand unfertile acres, that witnesses his mistakes. For he is an exceedingly bad shot, whose long periods of missing are punctuated by brilliant performances that puzzle nobody more than himself. He is a very encyclopælia of natural history, knows the form, colour, habits, and dwelling-place of every bird our islands see; he has a splendid collection of stuffed birds collected by himself over a period of twenty or thirty years, and yet the little boys of the village who have borrowed their grandfather's muzzle-loader can do more than he could do in their company with his fine pair of hammerless ejectors. So he is called "the duffer"—not unkindly, let me add, for he is welcome everywhere as a genial companion and an absolutely safe gun. His absence of mind never led him to cross a hedge without his gun's safety-bolt being in the proper place. He never set a loaded weapon down while he

master of his subject, it is amusing to see him illustrate a maxim by missing something at a very easy range. The only merit of the procedure lies in the confidence it gives to the novice, who is soon able to give her master a start and a beating—quite literally too, for I have seen one of his protégées wait until he has missed right and left, and then bring the game to bag with a single shot, to his delight as well as her satisfaction, for he is incapable of jealousy and rejoices in the achievements of his friends.

I have been told by the village folk near his place that, when he has been out alone, he has sent a lot of game to them—rabbits to the agricultural labourers, birds to the very old folk and the invalids. My own experience goes to prove him a good shot when by himself. He is so keen a naturalist and so ardent a nature-lover that routine work of any sort is very difficult. "I can't shoot to order," he said to me once, after recording an amazing failure, "and I shall never be able to, I'm afraid."

Perhaps he is right; he will remain "the duffer" to the end of the chapter, and yet I hold him to be a sportsman in the best sense of the term. He loves sport and all that is associated with it, would not shoot for a bag even if he could, and thinks no time too long that is spent retrieving wounded game. No hour is too early for him to rise, and on walking days, if he misses his birds, he never misses a field. Perfectly conscious of his own shortcomings, he is as modest on his own ground as



THE LUXURIOUS SIDE OF ANGLING: LADIES FLY-FISHING IN THE DARENT, KENT.

went to lunch, trusting that nothing would happen. He is one of the unfortunate people who are born shy and can do nothing in company. Send him out by himself, and he will bring home a fair bag; set him at covert-side with an unsympathetic loader, and he will miss his birds with an unfailing regularity few bad shots could rival.

He preserves three or four hundred pheasants, and invited me down a year or two ago to help shoot the outlying birds on the First of October. The last day of September found me too busy to leave town, and I wired my excuses, promising to get down some time on the morrow. I reached the house in the afternoon, and after tea went in search of my host. Hearing his gun, I was soon on the right track, and a field away flushed a brace of pheasants, which went hard over the hedge where he was. He fired twice and brought his birds down. I shouted out to announce my presence and joined him. His bag was seven and a-half brace, a brace of snipe, and a wood-pigeon. I know his habit of carrying his cartridges in a belt round his waist: there were twenty-two cartridges missing; evidently his shooting had been very straight. On the following day, when out with me, he relapsed into his usual bad form, and when the coverts were shot in November by four guns, including him and the writer, he used two guns, fired countless cartridges, and claimed three brace at the end of the day.

I think he is happiest when he is teaching the young Diana how to hold her gun, how to aim at fur or feather, how to walk over ploughland or root-crops, and how to deal with gates and ditches. Absolutely

he is on a great sporting estate, and, though he shoots so badly, there is no suggestion of clowning about his work; indeed, many a keeper scornful of men who miss gives "the duffer" his undiminished respect and a fair place in spite of wasted opportunities.

B.

## THE LUXURIOUS SIDE OF FLY-FISHING.

Surely their lines are cast in pleasant places who are able to fish well-stocked streams that flow by green lawns and well-kept grounds of many of the stately homes of Old England. There are scores of such places in this happy land. I have in my mind's eye a lovely stream which comes gambolling along, with here and there a water-fall, through flower-beds and lawns, with a lovely old Elizabethan mansion perched on verdant slope close by, with arbours and bowers to repose in and claret-cup to refresh with. I remember other fisheries where fishing-lodges were built near the stream, where every requisite for angling was at hand. The most approved tackle, rods of every action, flies of every size and make suitable for the water, and landing-nets, waders, &c., were at the guests' disposal, a telephone up to the house to order luncheon by, and a sly locker in the corner where all sorts of cooling and warming comforts were at hand. The paradise is complete when dainty ladies grace the scene and cast the fly where Nature and Art have combined to produce such lovely scenes.



LORD HERBERT'S MAJORITY:

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S PARTY AT WILTON HOUSE.



Miss Goelt. Miss Lambton. Countess of Pembroke. Lady Beatrix Herbert. Lady Mabel Crichton. Lady Muriel Herbert.  
Miss Lillian Lambton.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND HER LADY GUESTS.

Lady Muriel Herbert. Mr. Naper. Hon. George Herbert.  
Hon. Michael Herbert. Earl of Pembroke. The Hon. Ward.



Lord Ingestre. Captain Cook. Lord Hyde. Lord Herbert. Captain Meade.  
THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, LORD HERBERT, AND THE MEMBERS OF THEIR SHOOTING-PARTY.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

## A CHAT WITH MISS KATIE SEYMOUR.

WE are becoming quite accustomed to migrations from theatre to music-hall, and *vice versa*, and, with the advent of the present-day musical play, in most cases little more than a series of variety "turns," the transference of an artist from one to the other has lost all the strangeness formerly attached to it. But I have noticed that in those cases where theatrical work has come first, only in the rarest instances has any lasting success been registered in the "halls." The reason for this is not far to seek. In the theatres there are all the advantages of gorgeous scenery, gaily dressed and melodiously voiced choruses, and the fact that each performer is but a single item in the whole scheme of entertainment. But it is very different at a music-hall. There each turn is absolutely dependent upon his or her individual talent, and very rarely is anything more than a commonplace back-cloth provided by way of scenery. The whole attention of the audience is fixed upon the one person occupying the stage, so that every movement and gesture is noticed, necessitating the study of the smallest detail before the artist can hope to escape adverse criticism. The process of gradual refinement of variety shows which set in a few years ago still continues, and the improvement must be a distinct gain to all concerned.

Few of these "migrators" have prospered so excellently in both branches of the profession as has Miss Katie Seymour, who before she

"We certainly expect something very dainty and refined, and I don't suppose for a moment that we shall be disappointed. But how did you like America and its theatres?"

"Oh, everything and everybody was very nice, but I was always a Home-bird, and I am glad to be here in London again. There was one thing in America I didn't like, and that was the spreading of the report that I had been arrested for furiously driving an automobile. I know it was only a 'Press-agent' trick, but it was cabled over here, and that annoyed me rather. Of course, there wasn't the slightest word of truth in it. Why, I am the most nervous person in the world, and the last one to tempt Providence in that way."

"Nervous people are not usually fond of animals," I remarked, "so I suppose you don't indulge in the luxury of pets?"

"I must be the exception to the rule, then, for I have five cats, two dogs, three parrots, a canary, and used to have a little monkey, only it died."

"Quite a menagerie of your own," said I.

"It is almost so, isn't it? But what I dearly want to do is to have a farm of my own and make butter and keep cows and chickens and horses, and all that sort of thing. I love life in the country."

"But we can't spare you yet awhile, Miss Seymour, for dainty little dancers like yourself come to us but once in a decade, and so you must give up your farming ideas for the present and remain faithful to the public which has never been niggardly in admiration of your unique



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR, THE CELEBRATED GAITY ACTRESS, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM AMERICA AND WILL APPEAR AT THE ALHAMBRA IN A NOVEL "TURN" NEXT MONTH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCEAU, NEW YORK.

joined Mr. George Edwardes in 1890 was one of the dancing celebrities of the music-halls, and it was her exceptional terpsichorean abilities, no doubt, that gained for her in the first instance an engagement with that astute Manager. Her triumphs at the Gaiety are fresh in the minds of everyone, and it is only a few months ago that she ceased to be a member of the Gaiety Company. Since then, Miss Seymour has been appearing in "The Casino Girl" in New York, Washington, and others of the principal American cities, but she confesses that she was throughout the tour possessed with the keenest desire to be back in "dear old London" again. A couple of weeks ago she arrived back in town, and enterprising Mr. Dundas Slater immediately offered her an exclusive engagement at the Alhambra, to start in the middle of next month. Miss Seymour accepted the offer, and is now busily engaged in rehearsing for the same.

"Are you going to surprise us with something startlingly novel at the Alhambra?" I asked Miss Seymour the other day, when I happened to meet her.

"Well, I don't know about startling novelties," was the reply, "but the three songs and dances that I purpose producing are new to England, and, of course, I hope you will all like them. One of them, entitled 'Starlight Sue,' is awfully pretty and effective, and I am training a chorus of twelve girls to sing and dance with me. Some lovely costumes have been designed, and a feature will be made of the extreme rapidity with which the changes of dress are executed."

talent. And don't forget that we are all looking forward to your Alhambra engagement with the pleasure of having one of our chiefest terpsichorean delights restored to us. By the way, who originally taught you dancing?"

"I have never taken dancing lessons in my life, and I always arrange my own dances."

"How do you do it?"

"Well, first of all, I hear the music, and then quietly at home I think out suitable steps. Then I start practising, new movements are gradually evolved, and the dance is soon figured out. But now I must be off to rehearsal. So, good-bye, and thanks so much for not forgetting me!"

It is interesting to note that Miss Seymour was born in Nottingham in 1869, both her parents being more or less connected with the theatrical profession. By the way, Nottingham is just the place for a dancer to come from, for the name naturally suggests lace, from which it is an easy transition to lingerie, and what is a dancer without her dainty frills and flounces? I think I will leave it at that.

WIDEAWAKE.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.





MR. WILLIE EDOUIN AS SAMUEL TWANKS IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

**F**ORTUNATELY the dulllest month of the year, for the bookseller, has passed, and instead of guide-books and sixpenny novels we shall shortly be having books of a more literary and permanent value. During this time, however, the publishers have been busy preparing for the coming season, and, judging from the

## AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

it should be a good one and quite up to the average of past years. The unsettled condition of South Africa and the unfinished War will prevent such shoals of works on the campaign as were produced last autumn being issued this year. This will give an opportunity for books in biography, history, and general literature to claim the attention of readers, which, judging from the announcements, they deserve. Amongst these are such works as "The Letters of John Richard Green," edited by Leslie Stephen; "The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour; "Harry Furniss: The Confessions of a Caricaturist"; "Hubert Herkomer, R.A.," by A. L. Baldry; "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," by Andrew Lang. As usual,

## FICTION HAS THE LARGEST NUMBER OF ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Considerably over one hundred new novels are promised and will be issued within the next two months. Many of our leading writers will be represented, and among the books published will be "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling; "A Maid of Venice," by F. Marion Crawford; "In Spite of All," by Edna Lyall; "Light Freights," by W. W. Jacobs; "Clementina," by A. E. W. Mason; "The Prophet of Berkeley Square," by Robert Hichens; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "Herb of Grace," by Rosa N. Carey; "Flower and Thorn," by Beatrice Whitby; and "New Canterbury Tales," by Maurice Hewlett. These titles will give some idea of what the coming season has in store for the lovers of books. Coming back to the month's books, Fiction again claims the largest share of attention, and undoubtedly the most important work in this department of literature which has been issued is

"THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY," BY LUCAS MALET  
(METHUEN AND Co.).

It is the longest book this author has written since "The Wages of Sin," and deals with the adventures of an English country gentleman who, through a distressing deformity, forms distorted views of life. Many good and many worthless characters are vividly portrayed in these pages, but the affection of the hero's mother is a tender picture of love and devotion. After many unfortunate attachments, Sir Richard marries an amiable lady of gentle birth. The book is long and often tedious, but it is of great literary merit and will undoubtedly place Mrs. Harrison among our foremost lady novelists.

"LOVE IDYLLS," BY S. R. CROCKETT (J. MURRAY),

is issued in the series of books made famous by the issue of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." The book consists of a number of short stories having as their burden the everlasting theme of love; they are all well told, although somewhat uneven in interest, but, considering the prolific character of the author's pen, the book shows no lack in his power of imagination.

"THE WARRIGALS' WELL," BY D. MACDONALD (WARD AND LOCK), is an Australian story full of movement and incident. It is most entertaining, and the author knows well the country and life he depicts. He has a crisp and telling style, and the book is well suited for the readers in our Free Public Libraries. Those who take pleasure in light literature will find in

"THE MAN I LOVED," BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER  
(F. V. WHITE AND Co.).

a most desirable story. It does not, like most of Mrs. Stannard's novels, deal with soldiers and garrison life, but is a domestic story to which an extract on the title-page forms a key. This is: "My Magic Wheel, draw home to me the man I love." It is charmingly written, and will certainly brighten an idle hour and also add to the high reputation of the author as a clever story-teller.

"THE SNARES OF THE WORLD," BY HAMILTON AIDÉ (J. MURRAY), recounts the adventures through a treacherous world of a young Irish girl named Moyra O'Connell. Her father dies when she is quite young, and she is thrown amongst pleasure-loving companions; but her strong intellectual qualities and moral courage save her from her questionable surroundings. The book is a good one; it is well written, and to all who are wanting an interesting novel it can be thoroughly recommended. The "Dollar Library" still maintains its reputation for good American fiction. The latest volume is

"THE DARLINGTONS," BY E. E. PEAKE (W. HEINEMANN).

It is a story of social life in America, and is certainly not the least interesting in this capital series of books.

"QUEEN SWEETHEART," BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON (F. V. WHITE AND Co.),

is a story worth reading. Russian intrigue, love, and adventure are the leading factors in a well-written and exciting novel.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

**T**HE new book by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," which Mr. Murray will publish in a few weeks, is entitled "A Modern Antæus." As the title implies, it is a story of a child of nature who becomes a prodigy. The scene is laid in rural England, but it is said that the Italian atmosphere so noticeable in the pages of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" pervades the musings and imaginings and actions of Tristram Gavney, which is the name of the modern Antæus.

It was announced some time ago that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was at work on the Life of Alexander Hamilton. This is to be published next month under the formidable title, "The Conqueror: Being the True and Romantic Story of the Birth, Life, and Death of Alexander Hamilton, Statesman, Orator, and Soldier; including Many Previous Passages in his Career Never Before Recounted." Mrs. Atherton has obtained a large amount of new information with regard to Hamilton's boyhood in the West Indies, but it seems to me that she will have to produce a good many "passages in his career never before recounted" if she is to justify her title, "The Conqueror."

Does Dr. Conan Doyle's advertisement in the *Times* for the loan of officers' letters relating to the various battles in South Africa mean that he is at work on a novel of the Boer War, or is he merely making arrangements to bring his admirable history up to date?

"The Recollections of Sir Edward Blount, 1815-1901," edited by Mr. Stuart Reid, which Messrs. Longman will publish immediately, will form a most valuable and interesting volume. The book opens with the return of Lord Anglesey after the Battle of Waterloo, and ends with the death of Queen Victoria. It is said that Sir Edward Blount's reminiscences furnish some vivid side-lights on the reign of Louis Philippe and the Revolution of 1848, the early days of the Second Empire, and the Siege of Paris. Among the letters printed in the volume are some which Sir Edward despatched to his wife from Paris by balloon.

Mr. Julian Sturgis's new novel will be called "Stephen Calinari." It is a character-study of a striking figure, half Oriental, half English, and the scene is laid in England and Constantinople during the period of the Russo-Turkish War.

Captain Mahan has completed a new work entitled "Types of Naval Officers," Hawke, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Saumarez, and Exmouth.

It is good news that we are to have a new long novel from Mr. George W. Cable this autumn. In "The Cavalier," which is the title of the book, it is said that Mr. Cable has written one of the greatest novels of the South in the American Civil War. The scene is laid in Copiah County, a region which was in the summer of 1863 fought over time and again by both the Confederate and Federal Armies. The hero of the story is Ned Ferry, the chief of Confederate scouts, and the heroine is a Confederate newspaper correspondent who was of great service to the leaders by furnishing them with valuable information. Mr. Cable was, it will be remembered, for a time in the Confederate Army, and in this vivid narrative will be found many personal reminiscences and experiences.

A work which is likely to create considerable sensation will be published on both sides of the Atlantic this winter. It is entitled "The Private Life of the Sultan," and the author, Georges Dorys, has recently been condemned to death in contumacy by the Turkish authorities. He is the son of the late Prince of Samos, a former Minister of the Sultan and at one time Governor of Crete. He is a member of the Young Turk Party and is at present resident in Paris. For some time he was, I believe, a Constantinople Correspondent of the *London Times* and *Daily Chronicle*.

It is said that the posthumous work by the author of "David Harum" is likely to be issued shortly.

Sir Edwin Arnold's new long poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal," has for its subject the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians six hundred years before Christ. Ithobal is a sea-captain of Tyre who takes service with Neku, King of Egypt, to explore the unknown waters beyond the Red Sea. After picturesque scenes at Tyre, where he buys in the Slave Market an African Princess made captive in the Dark Continent and alone knowing its secrets, he builds three ships at Suez and sets forth. All this is minutely described, together with full details of the voyage of fifteen thousand miles round Africa. Returning, with two out of the three ships, after numerous and exciting adventures, which bring out almost every feature of African life and scenery, Ithobal relates the story of his enterprise, in a discourse of seven days, before the throne of Pharaoh, who loads with honours the successful captain, the Princess (his wife), and his crews.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has considerably altered the story of "Eleanor" in writing the play which is to be produced in New York this winter. Mr. Zangwill has also made a dramatic version of "The Mantle of Elijah." It is said that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to appear in the title-rôle of Mrs. Humphry Ward's play.

I understand that Mr. Marion Crawford's new story is to be dramatised, and that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is to produce it on the stage.



## JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

**J**OHN PHILIP SOUSA was born in Washington, the Capital of the United States, Nov. 6, 1856. He is the son of Antonio Sousa, a musician, who was born in Spain, although of an old Portuguese family. He was educated in the Public Schools of his native city, and studied music under John Esputa, and harmony and composition under George Felix Benkert. At eleven he made his first public appearance as a violin soloist, at fifteen he was an orchestral player, and at seventeen he conducted theatre orchestras. He was one of the first-violins of the orchestra with which Jacques Offenbach made a concert tour of America, and in 1880 he became leader of the Band of the United States Marine Corps, attached to the President's household, serving under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison.

He resigned from the service in 1892, and organised his military concert-band, which stands without a rival in the world, and with which he has given five thousand concerts during the last nine years in all the important towns of the United States, the Dominion of Canada, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland, involving two hundred and fifty thousand miles of travel.

It is as a composer that Sousa is best-known in Great Britain, although the fame of his band has been familiar for some years. Sousa is probably the most popular composer of the day, his martial, operatic, and dance music being known to millions throughout the world. His "Washington Post" march is probably the most successful instrumental composition of the last twenty-five years, having sold far into the millions of copies, although it netted the composer but seven pounds. A more recent march, "The Stars and Stripes For Ever," has added £10,000 to Sousa's bank-account. He has written a number of very successful comic operas, two of which, namely, "El Capitan" and "The Mystical Miss," are known here. "El Capitan" has been performed more than two thousand times in various parts of the world. Other operas are "The Bride-Elect" and "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp."

Among the military marches of world-wide celebrity composed by John Philip Sousa are "The Washington Post," "High School Cadets," "Gladiator," "National Fencibles," "Semper Fidelis," "The Thunderer," "Liberty Bell," "Manhattan Beach," "King Cotton," "Directorate," "El Capitan," "Stars and Stripes For Ever," "The Charlatan," "Bride-Elect," "Hands Across the Sea," "Man behind the Gun," "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," and "The Invincible Eagle." He has written several orchestral suites, &c., and his published compositions number more than three hundred. He has written a good deal of magazine verse, and is the author of the libretto of his opera, "The Bride-Elect."

The portrait of John Philip Sousa has suddenly appeared upon the walls and buses of London during the past week, announcing the coming of the American Band. Great preparations are being made to welcome Sousa, and a reception and luncheon in his honour has been arranged for the Trocadero Restaurant on the afternoon of Oct. 4, with covers for two hundred and fifty. The Reception Committee in charge of the arrangements comprises the Earl of Kinnoull, the Earl of Lonsdale,

Sir Lewis Melver, Mr. Henry J. Wood (Conductor of the London Philharmonic), Lieutenant Charles Godfrey (the well-known bandmaster), MM. Clement Scott, Charles Morton, J. A. France, H. S. J. Booth, George Ashton, and Philip York, who is Managing Director of the "March King's" tour. Sousa's London concerts will be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 4 and 5, after which the band goes to Glasgow for the final month of the International Exhibition. A six weeks' provincial tour follows.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Graham Balfour, who is a man of the moment in literary circles, was born at Chelsea in 1858. His father was a first-cousin of the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson, and was a Surgeon-General in the

Army and Honorary Physician to the Queen. Mr. Balfour took his degree at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1882, and it was about this time that he first took a great interest in Stevenson's writings. "Henceforward," he says, "I read and re-read every page of Stevenson's I could find, and I doubt whether anyone possesses a closer acquaintance with the text of his published works." In 1891, Mr. Balfour started for a long tour in the Far East. After visiting Egypt, India, and Japan, he made his way to Honolulu, and, on Stevenson's invitation, continued his voyage to Samoa, and there began a friendship which lasted until his cousin's death. From that time, Mr. Balfour made Vailima his home. He explored the islands, learnt the language, and, but for a visit to the Colonies and one brief return to England, when Stevenson came with him as far as Honolulu, he stayed in Samoa. At the time of Stevenson's death, however, he was cruising up and down the Pacific, out of reach of all mails. When he reached Samoa, Vailima was a desert—and worse, a desert haunted by caretakers. Mr. Osbourne had left Samoa with his mother and sisters for California. Mr. Balfour had to wait a month in Samoa before he could join Mrs. Stevenson. About ten days after reaching San Francisco he

was on his way to England with a large trunk full of letters and papers. Most of the following winter was spent in arranging these for Mr. Colvin, so that, when Mr. Colvin was unfortunately compelled to abandon his work on the Life, Mr. Balfour was already familiar with much of the material.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has written a new novel which should restore him to favour with the many friends who were grievously disappointed with his last book, "The Girl at Cobhurst." The story concerns an amateur pirate, Major Stede Bonnet, and his daughter Kate. Bonnet is an historical character, an Englishman, who resided in Barbados. He was respectable and fairly wealthy, but was seized with an uncontrollable desire to become a pirate. For an "amateur" he had an unusual amount of success until he was finally captured and marooned. Mr. Stockton's story tells of the search-expedition started by Kate Bonnet and promises to be a delightfully amusing book.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR, WHO APPEARS ON OCT. 4 AND 5 WITH HIS BAND AT THE ALBERT HALL.

## THE "AMERICA" CUP.

THE origin of the Cup and the circumstances which led to its removal from our shores in 1851 have already been recorded in these pages. It is only now necessary on the eve of the great races to sum up the events of the past few weeks. It cannot be said that the preparations for the races have experienced a very smooth run. First, the dismasting of *Shamrock II.* caused the original date of the races to be postponed. Then came the dismasting of the American boat *Constitution*, but this created no delay, and, indeed, may at this time be regarded as immaterial, for, after many trials, the new Herreshoff was discarded in favour of the previous defender, *Columbia*, which, it will be remembered, proved so successful over Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock I.* By experts who have given much attention to the trials, the selection of *Columbia* to meet *Shamrock II.* is considered a wise decision. The old boat has, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, shown a good deal of improvement, especially in the matter of trustworthiness, and there is little doubt that she will be in better trim than she was on the

the ten contests for the Cup have produced since the trophy went across the Atlantic have been sailed over the course of the New York Yacht Club.

occasion of the last Cup-races. Previous to the choice of the defending yacht, it had been decided that the first of the series of races was to be sailed on Sept. 21, and the nearing of the date had awakened a great deal of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The bullet of the assassin, robbing America of her much-loved President and placing a great nation in mourning, came also to interrupt the progress of the yachting event. *Shamrock II.* has apparently taken the eye of yachtsmen on the other side of the Atlantic, and, from all accounts, the chance of the Cup returning to England was never so bright as at the present moment. It is quite certain that nothing will be left undone by Captain Sycamore, Mr. Watson, or Mr. Ratsey to enable Sir Thomas Lipton to meet with success in the pleasurable task to which he has, in true characteristic fashion, so earnestly put his hand. He has spared neither pains nor expense, he carries with him the good wishes of all, and I earnestly hope his beautiful yacht will do the rest for him.

Most of the races which



"COLUMBIA," THE YACHT ON WHICH AMERICA HAS PUT ITS LAST DOLLAR.

Photo by Burton, New York.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK II."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST AND SON, SOUTHSEA.





SIR THOMAS LIPTON,

WHO IS CONFIDENT THAT HIS YACHT, "SHAMROCK II.," WILL BRING THE "AMERICA" CUP TO ENGLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

PRODUCTION OF MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY, "IRIS,"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE AUTHOR AND SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.



MISS FAY DAVIS, WHO PLAYS THE NAME-PART, IRIS BELLAMY.  
*Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MR. ARTHUR WING PINERO, THE AUTHOR.  
*Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.*



MISS NORA LANCASTER, WHO PLAYS AUREA VYSE.  
*Photo by the Gainsborough Studios.*

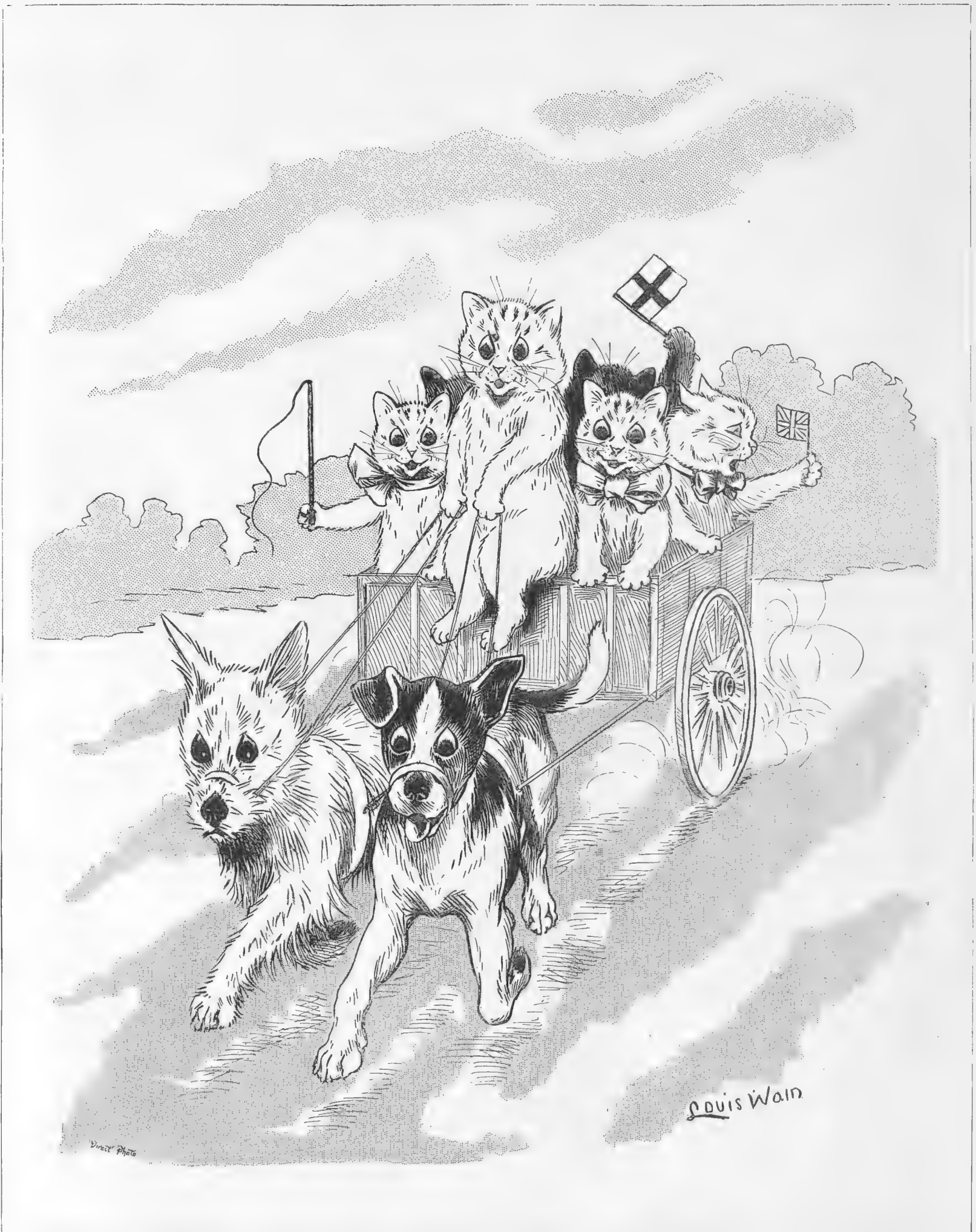


MR. OSCAR ASCHE, WHO PLAYS FREDERICK MALDONADO.  
*Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*





MR. PINERO AS HE IS NOT.



HOMEWARD-BOUND FROM THE SEA-SIDE.





[Drawn by John Hassall.]

AT THE "ZOO."

THE TWINS: We envy the snakes most.

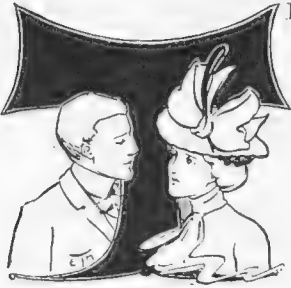
THE GIRL: Why the snakes?

THE TWINS: Because they could wear such rippin' collars.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE MARRIAGE OF MISS BLANDISH.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.



HERE was a pretty flutter in Society when a halfpenny morning paper announced the engagement of Miss Polly Blandish to the very young Duke of Rushminster. The announcement was contradicted next day by another halfpenny morning paper, and confirmed the day after. Then the papers, since nothing at the moment was thrilling the public, became full of gossip and rumour, interviews and portraits, and in due course it was discovered that pretty Polly, though only a Variety Theatre girl, had strong artistic instincts and longed to play Ophelia and Desdemona, and that her family was ancient and honourable. Now, the simple fact was that Polly, after serving several years in the ranks of the chorus at the Variety Theatre, coaxed a composer into writing a dance for her, and made a big "hit"—not, indeed, that she danced well, for she was merely the half-baked danseuse to which, alas! we are accustomed, but because the music was delightful and Polly was beautiful and impudent. Soon everyone was whistling or humming the tune of "The Moonbeam Dance," with which she was identified. The Duke of Rushminster, who had just come of age, was a charming, foolish fellow, with an income of £50,000, after deduction of all the appalling charges under the family settlements.

Of course, there was a terrible rumpus in the Ducal family. The mother of Charlie—"Charlie" was the Duke—the haughtiest woman in the aristocracy, fainted when she heard the news, and, like another Volunna, actually went on her knees to the lad, begging him vainly to break off the match. His sisters cried to him, his uncles swore at him, his younger brother jeered at him, his cousins howled at him, his pals "jawed" at him. He was firm. A detective was employed to study Polly's history, and he made an unfavourable report, which he called a "dossier," full of ugly facts; but Polly explained everything—to the satisfaction of the young Duke. The papers revelled in the scandal; one of them talked so strongly about the wisdom of the French system of not allowing people to marry under the age of twenty-six without the consent of parent or guardian that an apology was demanded by Miss Polly—the demand was answered by an invitation "to come on," so the matter dropped.

Suddenly came an announcement that the engagement was at an end, and that the young Duke had received a quasi-diplomatic appointment in the Colonies which required him to leave England at once. The world guessed correctly that a very august personage had intervened. The negotiations for a settlement took place after the Duke's departure—a piece of ill-luck for Polly. At her interview with the family solicitor, she opened her pretty mouth very wide, showing little teeth that glistened like a puppy's, and asked for a hundred thousand pounds—a demand which staggered the old gentleman. However, the man of law rose to the occasion, showed Polly the "dossier," and suggested that the defence would be that the match was broken off because the Duke had discovered that the young lady had suppressed certain facts concerning her history which had rendered her from every point of view unsuitable, if not undesirable, as a Duchess. Polly threw up her ring-burdened hands—and the sponge—and agreed to take £10,000, and she smiled rather wryly when the old gentleman remarked that he never allowed his clients to pay more. Perhaps she would not have taken so little but that the young solicitor with bright, beady eyes, and black, curly moustache who accompanied her was told that, of course, her costs would be paid, and that, in order to save bother about the amount, they proposed to give him two hundred guineas—which was at least twenty times the amount to which he was entitled.

A little while later, Miss Polly left the Variety Theatre and appeared as Juliet; but all the efforts of a very industrious Press-agent, and all the assistance of a number of second-rate newspaper-men, and all the aid of the humbler fry of the Profession were insufficient to cause her to be successful, and when Polly read in one of the brutal afternoon papers the ambiguous, malevolent assertion that she was probably as well fitted to play the part of Juliet on the stage as that of a Duchess in real life she abandoned the game and dropped out of sight. It is very easy to drop out of sight in London, particularly if one has been only a seven days' wonder, and twelve months went by without her absence from the boards being noticed. Yet Jimmy Sims, who, as everybody is aware, is really "in the know," and has seen more of life—of the life as loathsome as death—than anybody else, made a bet that Polly would some day be Duchess, and it is better business to follow the bets of Jimmy Sims than even the mount of an American jockey. The young Duke returned to town very proud of the successful accomplishment of his mission and really unaware of the fact that the whole affair had been carried out behind his back by telegram. His family welcomed him warmly, since it believed that his foolish passion was cured, and felt the more confident in this belief because of the credible, discreditable rumours as to his conduct and misconduct in foreign climes. Certainly, at first his conduct was

discreet, and he asked no questions about Polly; perhaps his reticence ought to have alarmed the family.

One evening, when the Duke was sitting at his Club trying to make up his mind on the ever-disputable question whether *hors d'œuvres* really excite appetite or stay hunger, a letter was brought to him, and at the sight of the writing he jumped, then gasped.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "Polly's taken to drink!" And, indeed, the handwriting was very shaky. He opened the letter and read—

DEAR CHARLIE,—Won't you come and see me? Don't be afraid; I'm dying; at least, the doctor says so, and my illness has made me hideous, and I would like to see you once again. I shall be at home at four o'clock to-morrow. At least, I am always at home now, and could see you then.

She did see him then—that is, at four o'clock the next day—and when he saw her he was horrified. The pretty colour had gone from her cheeks, great black patches lay under her eyes, and strange lines marked the lately beautiful face. The eyes were bright, the lips still pink, and the hair in picturesque disorder had lost none of its beauty. Seen there in the darkened room with the medicines all around her, Polly really seemed to be at death's door. Charlie was allowed to stay only a few minutes, and when he left the room he stumbled into the arms of a woman in white cap and apron, and recognised Polly's old dresser. She was very surly, and, when he pressed her as to the condition of her mistress, bluntly said that the nature of her illness was her affair and not his. The Duke offered her a tip, which was so scornfully declined that he crawled out of the house as if he had been flogged. When he called the next day, the Duke found Polly a little better, and there was quite a flash of her old self in her manner. So the Duke spent a pleasant quarter-of-an-hour ere Rollit, the ex-dresser, turned him out in a surly fashion, alleging that he would fatigue her mistress. As he was passing through the room the bell rang.

"The doctor!" exclaimed Rollit to the young Duke. "Come in." A minute later, an elderly man, with a very grave, dignified manner, entered. Rollit left the two men together whilst she went into the sick-room. The young Duke timidly said something obviously truthful about the weather—the other agreed—then anxiously he asked, "Is she very ill? What is really the matter?"

"I presume you are a friend of the family?"

"Oh yes, certainly!"

"She is very ill. We have had two consultations, and—" He merely shrugged his shoulders again.

"But what is the illness?"

"Technically"—Charlie could not catch the long Latin term—"actually, I suppose, the public would call it 'broken heart.' Some young fellow, a Duke or someone of family—I know little of such social matters—jilted her. She made a great effort to fight against her feelings and so overtaxed her strength; a heavy reaction set in. Then, when she was in a most vulnerable state, of course she caught a chill which attacked her lungs, and now it is a mere question of days."

"But surely something can be done, medical science nowadays is so wonderful. I don't mind any expense."

"It's not that; money can do nothing. We've tried change; she insisted on coming home to die. We—"

Rollit appeared. "Please come at once, Doctor!"

Three days later, when Charlie arrived, Rollit refused to let him see Polly. "She's too bad, my Lord, and, besides, she's changed: she don't like to be seen. And what do you want to see her for? You could have seen her as much as you wished in health and spirits, if you liked, but you preferred to—to kill her. Go away. Let her die in peace, and not think of you and her sorrow."

The young man gasped. "I don't think you put it fairly," he said, stammering.

"I am sure you did not act fairly," she replied.

"I would do anything on earth to give her pleasure," said the young Duke.

The old woman laughed fiercely. "Of course you would! You would do anything on earth she does not want—I know all that."

"What does she want?"

"Nothing from you—merely to die in peace, for die she will before the next week is out; and that I should know even if the doctor had not said so. Poor babe!" A long pause.

"I suppose it would be no pleasure to her now—that it would not make her any the happier—"

"What?"

"If I were to marry her."

"Too late; and yet—but here's the doctor."

The Duke of Rushminster had a short talk with the doctor, who pledged his reputation as a medical man that Polly could not live more than a few days, and then, despite the shrugs of Rollit's elderly shoulders, Charlie went into Polly's room; and was shocked by her appearance, since, for the first time, her lips had lost their pretty pink and she looked ghastly in the darkened room with a green-shaded lamp. If he had been a fine observer, he might have been puzzled by her smile when he told her of something that he proposed to do. As a matter of fact, he noticed nothing. A few days later, with the authority of a special licence, Polly became Duchess of Rushminster, the two witnesses to the marriage being Rollit and the doctor. When the ceremony was over,



# SEASIDE SKETCHES.



A SHILLING AN HOUR.



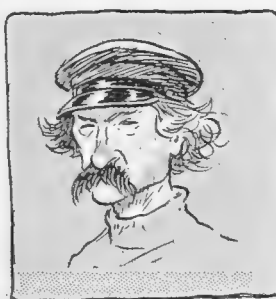
OLD SALTS.



THE COAST-GUARD.



BEACH BATHING.



TOM BROWNIE



THE NIGGERS.

the young man impulsively bent down and kissed the dull lips of his pallid bride, although she made efforts to turn away her head. A moment later, Rollit and the doctor were busy getting him out of the house, assuring him that the excitement was too much for the girl. The young Duke walked down the road not half as happy as a bridegroom ought to be. He felt glad and sorry—glad that he had done what he thought the right thing, sorry because he had done what he knew was the wrong thing. His heart and hand had been "true to Polly," but he had broken his promise to the family and his word to the very august personage. At one moment, he was comforted by the thought that Polly would die in a day or two, and consequently no trouble would come from his chivalrous fulfilment of an old promise; at another moment, the idea of losing Polly brought tears to his eyes and a choking sensation into his throat. As he walked along, he took a cigarette out of his cigarette-case and put it between his lips, but drew it out, with the idea of using a cigarette-holder just given him by a friend. He happened to look at the end of the cigarette and noticed that it seemed dirty; then he observed that his lips felt rather sticky. He put his handkerchief to his mouth and wiped it, glanced at the handkerchief, and saw a patch of a kind of brown grease. A strange idea leapt into his mind, followed by recollection of the fact that he had noted with surprise when he put the ring on Polly's finger that her hand was plump and firm. He walked back hastily, with no very definite thought in his head. When he came to the road leading past the long garden at the back of Polly's villa, he turned down it hastily, instead of going on to the street which led to the front-door. He found the garden-gate open, and walked quickly through it and up the thirty yards of pathway. No sooner had he reached the point where the path ran to the left than he heard a sound of laughter, and saw through the French-window of the garden-room that a merry party was taking place. He ran across the lawn and for a moment was unobserved. There was Polly, looking the picture of health, sitting on the corner of a table in a dressing-gown and smoking a cigarette; near her was Rollit, next to whom sat the doctor, minus spectacles and beard—the Duke recognised him at once as a burlesque actor; into the bargain were two chorus-girls from a Variety Theatre, and several champagne-bottles were standing about. He burst into the room violently, and, with the utmost vehemence and scorn, asked, "Don't you think I might have been invited to my own wedding-breakfast?"

The chorus-girls shrieked, the sham doctor swore, Rollit quailed, but Polly stood up to him.

"It's legal enough, my Lord, for the law is such a fool as not to dissolve a marriage even if there is trickery in it, and it serves you right for being a cur; and yet, Charlie," and her voice softened, "I never meant you to find out that it was a trick. Get out of here all of you!" she said fiercely to the revellers, and they slunk away.

The Duke stood silent. "Charlie, I was always fond of you, and I am. We are now man and wife, Duke and Duchess; let's make the best of it. A little money will make these creatures hold their tongues; people will think it was a fine thing of you, even if foolish, to give your coronet to what you thought a dying girl, and they won't suppose it was your fault that I cheated the undertaker. Come, let's be friends," and she took hold of his hands and lifted up her face towards his. The young man roughly flung away her hands, and, looking at her sternly, said—

"Maybe the law will not set me free, so you will have the title of Duchess, if title without honour pleases you, and such money as the law compels; but we never meet again." And as he passed out of the room, he heard her shouting, "Come back, girls! Let's drink to the Duke's departure!"

### AT THE FLOOD OF THE TIDE.

'Neath the rough and rugged shelter  
Of the mighty cliff we stood,  
While the night wind howled around us  
And the tide was at the flood:  
Ah! we longed to know our fortune,  
But our hearts were full of fears,  
And the surging of the ocean  
Sounded sadly in our ears.

In the silence, broken only  
By the water's angry swell,  
Still we waited in the darkness  
As the wild waves rose and fell;  
For they seemed to chant a burthen  
Full of sorrow, full of tears,  
And the surging of the ocean  
Sounded sadly in our ears.

But at length there came a billow  
With a roar that drowned our sighs,  
And the rushing, laughing Triton  
Dashed the tear-drops from our eyes;  
Then our craven hearts took courage,  
Till we dared our fate to prove—  
And the surging of the ocean  
Spoke of naught but sweetest love.

### MORRISIANA.

**A** GALWEGIAN of the Galwegians. That, in a word, summed up the late Lord Morris and Killanin, whose wit gave him a reputation which extended far beyond reach of the legal circles in which he moved. His brogue was something wonderful, and he knew it. One day he was at a wedding-party, and when the happy couple were going away, amid the traditional showers of rice and old shoes, he turned to someone by his side and exclaimed, "I haven't got a shoe to fling at them, and I can't fling my brogue"—a delightful pun, for "brogue" is a common Irish word for a shoe.

#### AT COLERAINE,

while trying an action involving the poisoning of a horse, he was greatly amused at the pompous manner in which a doctor was giving his evidence, to the effect that twelve grains of the poison in question could be given without fatal consequences, and said at last, "Tell me this. Wouldn't twelve grains kill the Devil himself if he swallowed them?"

"I can't say, my Lord. I never had the honour of prescribing for that patient," replied the doctor.

"Ah no, Doethor dearh, ye niver had!" retorted the Judge. "Mhore's the pity! The ould bhoy's alive yet."

#### ONE DAY HE WAS CHARGING THE GRAND JURY

in a certain county, and, addressing them, he said, "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, will you kindly take your customary places"; "and I give you my word," he used to say in describing the incident, "every mother's son of them made for the dock."

#### IN A TRIAL FOR ASSAULT,

an eloquent junior addressed the Jury at great length to prove that his client had not battered the prosecutor. All during this speech Lord Morris was turning over the pages of a railway guide. At last the barrister sat down, declaring that he would not call any evidence. "Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Judge, "I have computed that the young gentleman who has made the interesting and beautiful speech that we have all enjoyed was a hundred and sixty-eight miles away from the scene of this brutal assault when it was committed. He is the only witness for the defence. On the other hand, there is the man who was struck, the man who saw him struck, and the constable who saw him hiding under his bed. It is for you to say whether a broken head or an outburst of eloquence is the better testimony to a matter of fact."

#### WHEN ANOTHER MAN WAS INDICTED

for assault, the prosecutor appeared in Court with his head bandaged and his face disfigured, and he was rigorously cross-examined as to how much drink he had had on the day of the assault. In summing up, Lord Morris laid down the law in this way: "Gentlemen, the facts of the case are entirely for you, but you are to take the law from me; and it is my duty to tell you, as a matter of law, that, even if a man does go home drunk, his drunkenness does not constitute such an equity against him as would entitle anyone who meets him on his way to beat him on the head with a blackthorn."

#### IN A SANITARY CASE,

counsel once said, "I assume that your Lordship is fully acquainted with the statutes and authorities."

"Assume nothing of the sort," said the Judge; "I yield to no man in my utter ignorance of sanitary law."

#### WHEN HE WAS IN LONDON,

on one occasion, a member of the then Cabinet asked what he thought of the Irish difficulty. He replied, "It's a case, do you see, my Lord, of a stupid and honest people trying to govern a quick-witted and dishonest one against their will, and there's always a difficulty about that."

"That's not very complimentary," said the Cabinet Minister.

"No, my Lord, but it's true, and that's better than complimentary," said Lord Morris.

#### A LADY WAS ONE DAY GIVING EVIDENCE

in his Lordship's Court in a case in which it was important as to whether or not she was in Dublin on a certain day. She turned round to the Judge, and said, "Your Lordship ought to know that what I state is a fact."

"Why, Madam?" asked the Judge.

"Because," she replied, "it was the last day of the Assizes, and you and I travelled from Galway to Dublin in the same railway-carriage."

There was a titter in Court, and, without seeming to notice it, the Judge said quietly, "Madam, for the sake of my character, I must ask you was there not a third party present all the way?"

#### HE ONCE DISPOSED OF AN ABDUCTION CASE

in which the offence was of a purely technical character in a most delightful fashion. Addressing the Jury, he said, "I am compelled to direct you to find a verdict of guilty in this case, but you will easily see that I think it is a trifling thing which I regard as quite unfit to occupy my time. It is much more valuable than yours. At any rate, it is much better paid for. Find, therefore, the prisoner guilty of abduction, which rests, mind you, on four points—the father was not averse, the mother was not opposed, the girl was willing, and the boy was conveyant." The Jury found the prisoner guilty, and the Judge sentenced him to remain in the dock until the Court rose. As soon as he had spoken the words, he turned to the Sheriff and said, "Let us go." As he was going, he looked at the prisoner and said, "Marry the girl at once, and God bless you both!"



## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## "THE GREAT MILLIONAIRE," AT DRURY LANE.

PERHAPS the audience was staggered when rather long discussions took place on the stage of Drury Lane as to the power, privileges, and duties of wealth, but, when Mr. Cecil Raleigh translated what, I trust, are his views into action, the house was delighted by "The Great Millionaire." The hub of the play is the dramatic contrast between wealth and poverty: first, the dinner at the Carlton at "a hundred quid a-nob," and then the powerful picture of the mean street in the East-End, with the hungry crowd of men and women gazing in horror at the announcement in the baker's window of bread at five shillings a loaf! This second scene is one of the strongest given at the Lane during the lifetime of *The Sketch* and won very hearty applause—indeed, it was agreeable to see that the house was more moved by this piece of real drama than by the prodigious scenic effects for which the Lane is deservedly famous. Of course, everyone by now knows the story of the great, unscrupulous millionaire who, though careless of the sufferings of thousands, is passionately eager where his long-lost child is concerned, and everyone is aware that Mr. Charles Fulton gave a magnificent piece of acting in the chief part. In fact, he did work of the greatest value and skill. His career leads one into many places, such as the Guildhall, staged with wonderful solidity and fidelity, on the occasion of the presentation of the Freedom of the City to the Emperor of Moravia—made up to suggest the Kaiser. Here are glitter and glory enough for the keenest admirer of scenic effect. Preceding it was a remarkable picture of a luxurious flat and Bohemian revels in it, winding up effectively with the bankruptcy of the host, the desertion of the guests, and an invitation to "The Man in the Street" to come in and have supper. The supper of the poor in the rich man's home is really a stroke upon which Mr. Raleigh may be congratulated heartily. One should not forget the picturesque scene in Deerwood Park, an excellent example of the scene-painter's powers. The big sensation effect was not wholly successful on the first-night. The idea of endeavouring to represent a motor-car race seems a little too audacious, and though, by means of the cinematograph, the scenery rushed fiercely towards the car, I doubt whether there was any real illusion on the first-night; however, one can hardly expect such experiments to work smoothly on a first-night at the Lane, and probably by now the house is being really thrilled by the ride to death of the treacherous Secretary. Mr. "Jimmy Glover," who, as usual, has composed excellent incidental music for the piece, might perhaps consider whether he cannot compose something terrific for the motor-car, such as the ride in the "Damnation de Faust." Though the Company contains fewer "stars" than usual, an excellent performance is given. Miss Flossie Wilkinson quite won the house by her acting as the millionaire's lost daughter, and Miss Madge Merry made a "hit" as her friend. Mr. Farren Soutar, as the juvenile lead, won warm applause, which must have delighted "Miss Nelly Farren," who was in the house;

and the acting of several others, notably Mrs. Henry Leigh, Mr. Royce, Mr. Howard Russell, Miss Madge Girdlestone, and Mr. A. G. Leigh was of valuable quality.

## THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The London Hippodrome has a programme at the present time of extraordinary strength and variety. Especially notable is the performance of Rita del Erido, who rides astride of her horse—a position which has been advocated by many lady travellers—while the divided skirt which is worn by this very beautiful equestrienne renders her attitude by no means ungraceful. Of course, the rider acquires increased control of her horse by knee-pressure and spur stimulus in the various paces incident to an exhibition of the *haute école*. Another "turn" of particular merit is performed by the Cee Mee troupe of aerial artistes, whose daring feats on the high trapeze, with Leotard-like rushes through

paper-covered hoops, are most thrilling, while two ladies of the Company sing a charming duet during the performance of the most dangerous feats. Another new "turn" is that of Miss Amalia, the first lady clown I have ever seen. The feats of her dogs and ponies are quite remarkable; especially surprising is the sudden appearance of a diminutive pony from a Gladstone-bag. Mdlle. Claire Heliot's performance with her nine forest-bred lions is quite one of the best ever presented to an audience in London. The animals are at the age of their full vigour and in splendid condition. The fact that Mdlle. Claire Heliot appears amongst her lions in *décolletée* evening-dress seems to add an extra element of danger. One of the animals has a temper which "gives you thrills" during the whole of the show. A more daring and blood-curdling exhibition one would not care to witness.

In order, doubtless, to show that he had not been unmindful of the

## ALFRED THE GREAT MILLENNARY

last week, Mr. Wilson Barrett then produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, his new play, entitled "The Christian King." This play, as I told *Sketch* readers some months ago, is written around the life and adventures of the late

Great Alfred. Mr. Barrett has, it may be noted, interwoven a strong martial element with the main story of his piece.

New theatres, as even the uninitiated may have noticed, generally take a long while before they can be made to pay. One is therefore not so surprised as regretful to learn that Mr. Boyle Lawrence's strong and clever play, "A Man of His Word," is ere long to be succeeded at the Imperial by

## A REVIVAL OF "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

In this play—which was Messrs. Harrison and Maude's first big Haymarket success—Mr. Herbert Waring, the Imperial's present lessee, will resume his fine impersonation of Gil de Berault.

## "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY,"

the clever story written by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," will, in due course, be seen upon the stage. Before being produced in London, however, this play will become



MDLLE. CLAIRE HELIOT, NOW APPEARING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photo by Hildenbrand and Traunecker, Stuttgart.

a feature in the repertory of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the great American Becky Sharp. By the way, this fine American actress's husband, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske (Editor and Proprietor of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*), has, I learn, just threatened to bring an action against certain English adapters of "Vanity Fair."

Speaking of adaptations, it is not often that one meets nowadays with

#### A PLAY ADAPTED FROM A PLAY,

though such a course was common enough among Elizabethan dramatists, from Shakspeare downwards. Next Monday (the 30th inst.), however, we are to see at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, a new musical play adapted from Lytton's old and somewhat time-worn *Love-versus-Pride* drama, "The Lady of Lyons." This new musical piece is entitled

#### "MELNOTTE; OR, THE GARDENER'S BRIDE,"

and is, librettically, the work of Mr. Herbert Shelley. The lyrics are by Mr. Arthur Andersen, and the music by Mr. Frank E. Tours. The Company, which is being sent out by Mr. H. A. Lytton, of the Savoy, with Mr. Ernest Stuart as Acting-Manager, will include Miss Josephine Cazabon as the sometime proud Pauline, and Mr. Conway Dixon as Claude Melnotte, whom old-time actors were wont to describe as the "Gyardinerr's Son."

#### "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS."

I understand (writes a correspondent) that for the Christmas holidays Mr. George Grossmith junior is preparing a version of "Gulliver's Travels," to be presented at the Imperial Theatre. I once saw a stage rendering of Dean Swift's immortal work in America. It was spoilt by the obvious incongruity of the Brobdingnagian and Lilliputian populations, among whom Gulliver appeared to be quite out of place. He was too big among a lot of children, and he was too little when surrounded by a number of impossible giants of both sexes. But Mr. George Grossmith junior may have solved the difficulty.

Mr. Pinero's first—and, up to the time of writing, best—"problem" play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is being played to good business at the Royalty. Touching this piece, I may perhaps be allowed to point out to Mr. Pinero that when it was played in Nice some time ago by Signora Duse, it was billed as

#### "THE SECOND MRS. THANKUERAY."

It was also described as "The Greatest English Success—1000 Performances in London," and was attributed to

#### "SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO."

I possess the play-bill, so I know.

MR. R. C. HERZ IN "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN."

Mr. R. C. Herz, now playing the difficult title-rôle in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," at the Court Theatre, is a most convincing example that brains, talent, and work will soon come to the front, for, though now one of the most popular of young actors, he has been on the stage only a little more than a year. However, he is the happiest mixture of artist, worker, and "hustler," gifts perhaps accounted for by the fact that his flag is the Stars-and-Stripes and he was born in Paris. He is now only just past his majority, and has

been educated at Eton, where he won the first prize for singing, and then at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was principal actor and singer of the "A.D.C." On graduating, in the spring of 1900, he at once made up his mind to enter the profession, and in June made his début in the Ball-room Scene in the Haymarket production of "The School for Scandal." Then he took out (to use his own words) "two little companies" for some months, and in the autumn was engaged for the part of Augustus in "Shock-headed Peter," produced at the Garrick Theatre. In February of this year he gave a clever rendering of the precocious boy, Percy Grafton, in "Peril," at the same theatre, after which he played in "Lion Hunters"



MR. R. C. HERZ.

WHO PLAYS THE NAME-PART IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

and "Cousins Once Removed," at Terry's, and then journeyed further West to join Mr. Fred Kerr for the opening of the Court Theatre, playing one or more parts in each bill, and by these very materially enhancing his reputation.

When Mr. Beerbohm Tree produces Mr. Clyde Fitch's American-made English Beau play, "The Last of the Dandies," it will be found that the period ranges from 1847 to 1852, and ends with the death of the elegant D'Orsay. The play will contain some beautiful Thames scenery.

## THE DEMAND FOR COCOA.

WHEN a great commercial firm decides to add to its influence and responsibilities by extending its business in a new direction, the event cannot be without interest for the public at large. It was with this idea in my mind that, instructed by

*The Sketch*, I called recently upon Mr. Lane Densham, the Chairman of the Mazawattee Tea Company, this well-known Company being on the point of entering the market as manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate.

"The first thing I should like to do," he observed, "is to correct the somewhat general impression that this addition of cocoa and chocolate manufacturing to our tea-blending business has only just been decided upon. Nothing of the sort is the case, in reality. As a matter of fact, the scheme has been maturing for some years, and for a long time past my partners and I have been engaged in acquiring the necessary machinery and in studying the most approved methods for using it. Now that everything is in readiness we are going to make a start."

"But is the Public a sufficiently large consumer of cocoa to justify the introduction of a new source of supply?" I queried.

Mr. Densham's reply was reassuring.

"Sufficiently large!" he echoed. "I should think it was. Why, the different firms already engaged in the business in this country haven't been able to meet the demand of late. The consequence is, a considerable benefit has been reaped by foreign manufacturers. You can have no idea how cocoa and chocolate are growing in public estimation," he continued.

"Then you are about to supply a demand rather than to create one?"

"That's the idea with which our firm is embarking in the enterprise," was the answer. "What we are going to offer the public is the very best cocoa that can possibly be made. It will be known as the 'Mazawattee Lатарiba Cocoa,' and will be sold at a price that will make it readily obtainable in every household."

"That should do much to earn it a welcome," I observed.

"I am convinced it will have that effect," returned Mr. Densham emphatically. "Some of the cocoa on sale in this country is cocoa only in name. It is adulterated up to as much as forty per cent. with arrow-root, sago, or farina, with a large admixture of the ground-up shell of inferior cocoa-beans. A commodity of this description has no more right to be labelled 'cocoa' than has a mixture of oyster-shells and seawater to be sold as 'oysters.' Our cocoa will be very different. It will be composed exclusively of the picked growths of the finest plantations in Central America, and will be sold to the purchaser free from admixture and adulteration of every description. In short, it will be cocoa in its purest and most digestible form."

## "WHAT IS A SPORTSMAN?"

The current number of the *County Gentleman*, an old-established weekly paper that has lately been improved almost out of recognition, contains an interesting letter, headed "What is a Sportsman?" The Editor will probably be inundated with answers to the question, but, as he is a sportsman himself, he will undoubtedly give all his correspondents fair play.

Although the Adelphi and its melodramatic fare have been ruthlessly done away with, the West-End will from next Monday (the 30th inst.) onwards have a second melodrama emporium in addition to Old Drury. On the date in question, unless need for slight postponement sets in, the Princess's will be reopened under the direction of Mr. Frank de Jong, who will start his season there with an adaptation by Mr. Walter Reynolds of Ouida's story, "Wanda." This play, entitled "The Sin of a Life," will have for its chief exponents Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Cooper-Cliffe, and Miss Kate Rorke.



MR. LANE DENSHAM.

Photo by Bender and Co., Croydon.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Society Cycling and its Maintenance—Universal Lights in Ireland—The Free and Independent Irish Cyclist—The Pleasures of Autumnal Cycling—Leaky Tyres.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 25, 6.51; Thursday, 6.48; Friday, 6.46; Saturday, 6.44; Sunday, 6.42; Monday, 6.39; Tuesday, Oct 1, 6.36.

It is a popular error to suppose that the upper or independent classes have tired of the cycle as a means of recreation. It is true that the "craze," as a "craze," is dead, and that it is unfashionable rather than fashionable to wheel in the Parks, but this phase of the matter must not be taken as an indication that the cycle is taboo in Society. As a matter of fact, more cycles are being sold nowadays to the independent classes than ever before, but, instead of being used for a forenoon promenade in some adjacent park, they are stabled as an addition to the sporting establishment of the country gentleman or gentlewoman.

At the end of the London Season and at the commencement of the Northern and Southern flight, the observant might have perceived the logic of this argument had he cared to visit any of our great Metropolitan termini and noted the enormous number of bicycles being sent as passengers' luggage to this, that, or the other fashionable resort. Moreover, members of the wheeling upper classes have got over that phase of their cycling when it was a fad, and now use their machines for exploring interesting parts of the country. The horse may never go, but there is no doubt that the cycle has become an institution throughout the land, and, pending the introduction of some better form of recreative locomotion, is likely to remain so.

It is only quite recently that cyclists in Ireland have been compelled to carry lights after dark. The new law came into operation on Sept. 1, and indignation swelled the breast of the Hibernian wheelman, while joy filled the heart of the Irish lamp-agent. Of course, it was another injustice, and the cyclist of the Emerald Isle was not slow in saying so. "Why," quoth he, "should we be compelled to carry lights now, when, since cycling first began, we got on very well without them? As well prohibit us from riding on the foot-path!" Truth to tell, the Irish cyclist is the least hampered by legislation of all the four countries. Everybody rides on the foot-path; restrictions in regard to pace on the road are restrictions in name only, since the Irish Constabulary are sportsmen first and law-administrators afterwards, so that the new lighting regulations are likely to be observed rather in the breach than otherwise.

Ireland is a cycling country if ever there was one. Most Irish people, excepting those who cannot afford it, ride the wheel; and one of the strongest cycling bodies of the country is the Royal Irish Constabulary.

So great is the passion for cycling amongst Irish policemen that many of the leading manufacturers compete strenuously with each other for the custom of the man in blue. There is thus a certain brotherly feeling between the transgressor of the laws, as applied to cycling, and the individual responsible for the observance of them. On a recent visit to Ireland, I must confess I was astonished at the free-and-easy manner in which the cyclist disobeyed the regulations. In spite of prohibitions as regards foot-path riding and instructions in respect of light-carrying, cyclists everywhere consistently rode on the foot-path, and consistently rode without lights at night. I saw a lady riding along George Street, Limerick, the principal thoroughfare in that city; the road was muddy, so she wheeled on to the foot-path, and pedestrians considerably got out of her way. For a country groaning under the tyranny of the Saxon, this struck me as affording food for reflection.

With autumn now upon us, there are many cyclists anticipating a speedy termination of the riding season. There are some, indeed, who at this period abandon the wheel for the year. Now, this seems rather a mistake, for at no time of the year is cycling so enjoyable. The roads, after the early autumnal rains, are at their best; and then, think of those glorious autumn tints which trees and hedges, gorse and field, take to themselves! Further than this, the cyclist should be in capital condition after a season's riding (which is not the case in the spring), and is thus able to enjoy his spins without undue fatigue. At the same time, precautions have to be taken. Nights are apt to become bleak, and the light summer underwear is but poor protection against possible chills.

One of the greatest annoyances the cyclist can experience is the leaky tyre. A puncture is understandable even to the veriest novice, but the leaky tyre very often defies the research of the expert. By a leaky tyre, I mean that which, for no apparent reason whatever, continually requires inflation, yet becomes deflated in the course of a few hours. The valve may be all right, and not the slightest suspicion of a puncture can be located. The reason

is that the inner tube has lost most of its virtue as indiarubber and has become porous, emitting the compressed air at a thousand or more outlets so minute that it is impossible to locate them. The only remedy is a new inner tube. Some cyclists use a sort of solution injection, but this is invariably a makeshift job and rarely satisfactory.

R. L. J.

## SIR WILLIAM THOMAS CHARLEY.

Sir William Thomas Charley, the famous retired Judge, whose portrait, with his cycle, appears on this page, was for several years President of the Pickwick Bicycle Club. He was born in 1833, and acted as Hon. Colonel of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers from 1889 to 1900. His other hobby, in addition to cycling, is collecting extracts from the Press illustrative of passing events and pasting them into albums.



SIR WILLIAM THOMAS CHARLEY IN CYCLING GARB.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The Ascot Course.* I believe the new Stands and Rings to be constructed at Ascot will be the best in the country, but, so far as I can gather, nothing is to be done to improve the running-track. I do hope, however, that, before it is too late, His Majesty will give orders to have the tunnels built, as I have suggested in this column over and over again. The running-tracks at all race-meetings should be kept clear of foot-traffic, and the tunnel system at Ascot would supply a ready remedy. Again, the irrigation system might easily be introduced, even though the water had to be carried by pipes a distance of ten miles. Indeed, on an estate rented by my own brother from the Duchy of Cornwall, water is carried five miles easily, and there is never a breakdown. Surely a seedsman could be found to supply seed to produce good herbage on the running-track! At any rate, for the benefit of the sport, it is more necessary to have a good race-track than it is to build tasty Stands and showy Rings, and I do hope the powers that be will bear this important fact in mind.

*The Autumn Handicaps.* Sidus for the Cesarewitch and Mauvezin for the Cambridgeshire is the favourite double event just now. Indeed, many bookmakers have the board "House Full" up against the horses named. Sidus is a son of St. Simon and is owned by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He is a wayward animal that requires some riding, but in the hands of Maher he is very likely to give his running. I am told, however, that Jolly Tar is very likely to win the long race. He is doing good work at Manton and is said to have come back to his best form. If so, he would soon polish off the lot opposed to him in this race. The going at Manton is always good and it is an ideal spot for training long-distance horses. Indeed, old Alee proved that over and over again when he was alive. With regard to the Cambridgeshire, I think the handicappers might have given Mauvezin a little more weight. He is by Rueil—Modest Martha, and was purchased in July by Lord Carnarvon; I should say, on the advice of Tod Sloan. He is a five-year-old and is let in at 8 st. His book form is a study, and, if perfectly fit and well on the day, it should take a good one to beat him. I expect Sam Darling will supply a dangerous candidate, and the Beekhampton best should not lack a following.

*Manchester.* There should be some good racing at Manchester this week, and the attendance is bound to be well up to average, as the Mancunians are sport-loving folk. Indeed, the ladies go about the Ring doing their own betting, and they often get a point over the odds, too. The acceptances are poor in quantity for the chief handicaps, but quality should be to the fore. I am told Pan II., who is trained by William P'Anson, is very likely to win the De Trafford Handicap, although the mouse-coloured Maund was tried to be smart before she cut up so moderately in the race for the Oaks. The hitherto unbeaten Doochary is very likely to carry top-weight to victory in the Lancaster Nursery, in which race I notice Lady Macdonald has only 7 st. 9 lb., and therefore should be taken dangerous. The Palatine Handicap may be won by Maisie II. The chief event of the meeting should be the race for the Prince Edward Handicap; the distance of the race is a mile and a-quarter, perhaps not quite far enough for Kilmarnock II. For this race Fancy Man is very well on. He is only a reclaimed plater, but it must be borne in mind that the reclainer was Mr. E. Corrigan, one of the cutest of the Yankee trainers. I shall go solid for Fancy Man, and I think Cateran Lad is very likely to get a place.

*New Courses.* Several new racecourses are under way. Manchester races will next year be held on a new course that is, according to the men in the know, likely to lick Creation. A new course is about to be started in the neighbourhood of Leeds, and it should prove a big draw. To come closer home, the racecourse started

at Wembley Park is likely to be a big success, as it is to be run under very aristocratic auspices. In the meanwhile, the new venture at Haydock Park continues to "boom," and I am glad to hear that the Folkestone Enclosure is doing very well indeed, as it was bound to do directly the reins of office were taken over by Pratt and Co. Hurst Park, Kempton Park Sandown Park, Gosforth, Lingfield, and Gatwick, of the established enclosed meetings, do remarkably well, and I should say Alexandra Park was a regular gold-mine. Of course, in the case of all new ventures the dividend cannot exceed ten per cent. per annum to the shareholders, but I presume the amount of paid-up capital to be issued is in no way limited, so the rule could easily be evaded.

*Telephones.* I have a good deal to do with the telephones, and I must say the G.P.O. servants do not display smartness in the management of the trunk-lines. The "calls" take no end of time, and the service generally is bad, very bad. The girls in charge of the wires do not know the importance of their calling, but the sooner they are taught this the better will it be for the public. Half-an-hour wasted in getting through to a country town is a little bit too much for the patience of an ordinary Londoner; but when, in addition, a sleepy voice draws out "Are you there?" at the other end, and then wastes several more minutes in getting the call wanted, it is simply deplorable. The girls in charge of the telephone apparatus should be taught once for all that the public do not use the telephone-wires for the fun of the thing. When they do use them, it is for important business and no unnecessary delay should be allowed to occur.

*Jockeys First.* Mr. T. R. Dewar, M.P., who is a sportsman to the backbone for sport's sake, sums up the sorrows of an owner very appropriately as follows: "Jockey first, trainer second, backer third, and owner (with luck) a bad fourth." Mr. Dewar evidently knows something—at any rate, he is sufficiently versed in the situation to be able to apportion the different degrees absolutely right, but what I want Mr. Dewar to tell me is this, "Why should the race finish thus? Why should jockeys and trainers enrich themselves at the expense of owners?"

CAPTAIN COE.

## AN AMERICAN STREET-CLEANSER.

The latest attribute of the American invasion to present itself in London is a street-cleansing scheme from St. Louis, Missouri. The great feature of the invention is that it utilises the power of the pressure on the street-hydrants to throw a sheet of water on the pavements with such force that it washes away the accumulated dirt and filth as completely as if the cobbles were scrubbed with a brush in the hands of the most energetic of scavengers. The device consists of a waggon, the body of which is not dissimilar in size and shape to the boiler of a locomotive-engine. This tank is divided into two compartments, the larger of which has a capacity of six hundred and forty gallons. Both compartments are air-tight, except for a valve which connects one with the other. As the water from the street-hydrants is let into the larger compartment, the air is forced from it into the smaller one, where a pressure of thirty-five or forty pounds to the square inch is obtained. This pressure forces the water through the long slit which acts as a nozzle with terrific force. The agent for the new sanitary device, which is used extensively by the city authorities of St. Louis, gave a demonstration one day last week in St. Pancras Road before a number of borough surveyors, who were delighted with the waggon and its work. It readily proved its capabilities by cleaning a strip of pavement twenty feet in width which had apparently never been cleaned since the day it was laid. When the slit-nozzle is turned upward instead of inverted, the street-cleaner becomes a street-sprinkler, with a range that is truly astonishing. The accompanying illustration shows the waggon watering a bit of roadway eighty feet in width by once passing over it.



A STREET IN ST. LOUIS, EIGHTY FEET IN WIDTH: NEW AMERICAN SYSTEM OF STREET-CLEANING, PERHAPS TO BE ADOPTED IN LONDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. D. HAMPSON, ST. LOUIS.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE coat-and-skirt will be distinctively a fashion this autumn. But it will not be the coat-and-skirt of past commerce. Fawn, putty-colour, and beige are the accepted coming tones, and a loose back, which may be either short, medium, or long, the accepted form—provided only the loose sac-back is preserved. From this



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-GOWN FOR THE EARLY AUTUMN.

sporting style of garment, it seems, we cannot be fashionable and escape. Already in the best shops indications of this advancing mode appear, and, taken in conjunction with the wide, flat hats, and new "Bird-cage" veils to which allusion was made last week, it seems pretty certain that we shall achieve a distinctly blowsy and *dégagé* appearance this season, if nothing else. Ermine is to be a good deal worn, with caracul, broad-tail, and other dark fur—which is good, as a little ermine is emphatically becoming. But there are also indications that white rabbit-skins will be put forth in the cheap shops with which to dazzle Suburbia, and this is bad, as cheap imitation is the death of any fashion, but more especially in the matter of furs.

Rough Irish friezes are to divide the honours of adoption with the camel-hair, zibelline, and other shaggy-coated stuffs with which we shall clothe ourselves this winter. I have seen some very attractive Connemara friezes in the new colours of ox-red, dull blue, and a particular shade of emerald which is always becoming to bright-complexioned woman. Of course, no pale or "peaky" person should ever wear green: it brings out all the saffron and amber tints in one's cuticle so unflinchingly; but for the pink-and-white-skinned girl, green is, of all others, the colour—it makes her look like a moss-rose bud in its own proper foliage. All these rough-surfaced materials should, by the way, be but sparingly treated to fur.

The vision of a winter-gown shown me some days ago as the very latest, and by quite a smart dressmaker too, showed an alarming want

of discrimination on that modiste's part. It was of coarsely coated brown zibelline, with a wide collar and revers of brown *bear*! Dressed in it, any woman, however slim, would be suggestive only of a carriage-rug. If bear, as we are told, is coming once more—after years of neglect—into fashion, it will surely require to be used with discrimination. My private opinion of that particular skin is, indeed, that, like its original owner, it is not adapted to drawing-room society, apart from covering its floors. But the eccentric phases of Fashion are beyond all speculative forecasts, and, if that autocratic Madam calls for the slaughter of unborn lambs one season, that she may clothe herself in the softest and silkiest skin procurable, which we know as "broadtail," it is quite on the cards that, *en revanche*, she will enthuse over such long-haired variety as Polar bear or Angora sheep can furnish her with the next. That there will be an outbreak of colour this autumn is fairly certain, always presupposing that no further names are added to the long list of recent Royal casualties. There was quite a display of cheerful autumnal tints at Doncaster and the last Sandown, mauve, heliotrope, red, and brown dividing the honours with the modish mouse and beige. At the former gathering some intrepid persons appeared in white cloth and serge, notwithstanding the dismal downpour, which was valorous but misguided. White is essentially for sunshiny occasions; it loses prestige in a gale.

Apropos of nothing if not recent correspondence anent "Domesticity" in a journal which, though not domesticated in Mayfair, is occasionally not unamusing, I have received several letters from confiding unknowns asking "how to become a journalist." In reply, I would quote the sound, brief advice of *Punch*. If that immortal argument is insufficient,



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A SUGGESTION FOR A SMART TAILOR-MADE.

I would recommend some recent back-numbers of the *Daily Chronicle*, and, if the various opinions and arguments used by correspondents to that excellent contemporary do not deter them, I should add, "Go forth and conquer," as such indomitable spirit should. As it is, the ordinary prospects of a girl going in for journalism are meagre

indeed. The pay is not good; the work is worrying, irregular, and, in many cases, the reverse of dignified, while it is also hard and continuous. Of course, I speak broadly, and not of the few who are on the staff of the more important papers. When, therefore, girls write me, which not infrequently happens, for advice as to the possibility of making a living by their untutored goose-quills, I can only reply, "If you have undoubted talent and sufficient means to wait until Editors recognise it, write by all means. If not, better leave it alone."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAY (Milford Haven).—As you will see, I have replied to the substance of your letter in the body of this week's article. In detail, I may add, typing and shorthand are not absolutely essential. The busy journalist usually employs one or more to do both. That a knowledge of languages is useful goes without saying.

EDITH L. (Dublin).—The best way to begin is to address something you have written to the Editors of suitable papers. When you have done this a dozen times and find everything returned with thanks, you will, perhaps, discover whether the divine afflatus has been vouchsafed you in equal proportion to your perseverance. If, on the other hand, even some one thing is accepted, you may begin to take yourself seriously. The proportion of one acceptance to a dozen refused effusions may not be an intoxicating, but is, I hear, an ordinary experience.

M. M. L. (Longford).—If you are coming over next month, try Ernest, Regent Street. He is one of the smartest tailors. But get yourself well corsetted first. SYBIL.

#### MUSICAL GOSSIP

THE subsidies hitherto granted to operatic theatres on the Continent will probably ere long cease, the various Governments having carefully studied the English system of leaving these matters to private enterprise. In some instances the results have not been cheering to lovers of music. Take La Scala, for example, once supported by the Milan Municipality. But three years ago the Municipality stopped this source of revenue. A few aristocratic friends of the La Scala Management assisted, but now matters have reached a climax, and, unless the Milan ratepayers are inclined to help the Opera, La Scala will be closed—a sad prospect for a theatre so famous. The fact is that "The Land of Song" is under a cloud. Composers of the Donizetti and Bellini school are considered out-of-date, and modern Italian vocalists do not hold their places. French and English singers are much better. At one time it seemed that Mascagni would be the pioneer of a new Operatic School, but his later works have fallen below the requisite standard. Increased musical culture has been the death-blow of the old Italian School.

I have more than once expressed some doubt as to the genius of Siegfried Wagner. Although his father was the foremost composer of his time, it does not follow that Siegfried inherits his genius, and I find many great musicians are speaking somewhat disparagingly of the young composer. The great Conductor, Herr Mottl, declares that Siegfried will be unable to direct the performance of "Götterdämmerung" in Paris this winter.

Regarding the performances of Wagner's works at Covent Garden early next season, an eminent Wagnerite said to me last week, "Lovers of Wagner may console themselves if the Bayreuth festivals lose their artistic character. The composer's finest works, including the 'Nibelungen Ring,' are

represented at the Royal Opera with greater effect than elsewhere." This may appear strange, but not to those who were present at recent Bayreuth performances. The German style of singing is odious, and contrasts unfavourably with Covent Garden, where the finest vocalists in the world appear. Perhaps the best representation of late in Germany was "The Flying Dutchman," in which opera the weird appearance of the phantom ship surpassed any effect of the kind realised in London or Paris. But I learn that great efforts will be made during the next season at the Royal Opera to improve the stage illusion, large sums having been spent for that purpose. Towards the close of last season it was obvious that the scenic and mechanical effects were much improved, and, when thoroughly carried out, the Royal Opera will be the finest home of the Lyric drama in Europe.

Wagner himself says, in one of his remarkable prose works, "The Music-Drama should be a combination of *all the arts*. Not only should music be prominent; the representation should include the pictorial and

histrionic arts, while the finest literary assistance must be given." When I remember the kind of libretto supplied to our English composers by the "poet Bunn" and others, I cannot help a smile at Wagner's imperative demands.

The libretto is one of the many stumbling-blocks Mr. Manners will have to contend with in his honourable efforts to improve English Opera. Mr. Manners tells me that "he always loses money when he gives an Operatic Season in London." But he has pluckily tried again this autumn, and his offer of a prize for the best English Opera should lead to good results.

The charming wedding-hymn, "Oh, Perfect Love," was composed by Mrs. Gurney, the wife of the well-known actor. Mrs. Gurney is a niece of Sir Arthur Bloomfield, the famous architect, and granddaughter of the late Bishop Bloomfield, who was a friend of the Duchess of Kent during the girlhood of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Gurney is about to publish a memorial of Her Majesty's early days.

A "Court Composer"—that is the latest musical idea. It is suggested that a distinguished musician should be appointed to the post to write suitable music for State occasions. I have not much faith in compositions written to order. They are seldom effective. Wagner wrote a fine March in honour of the German Emperor, but it was not an Imperial commission. It is, however, the best work of its kind produced in the present age. Had Sir Arthur Sullivan lived, he would have filled such a post with honour to himself and advantage to all. By the way, objections are made to the use of Sullivan's "Te Deum" at the Coronation, on the score of its being too military in style. It includes as its chief theme "Onward, Christian Soldiers," one of the finest hymns of modern times. Surely that would not be out of place at the Coronation, especially if, as we all hope, the War in South Africa is ended before that important ceremony takes place.

"The Emerald Isle" is still going briskly at the Savoy, but Mr. Edward German has commenced an opera to follow it in due course. "Merrie England" will be the title, the period being two centuries ago. Was England merrier then than now? Perhaps so.

Longfellow's "Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè" has been used as a libretto by Mr. Coleridge Taylor at the Leeds Festival; but, after examining the score, I do not fancy the cantata will be so successful as Mr. Taylor's "Hiawatha," still very popular with the public.



THE GREAT STATUE OF KING ALFRED UNVEILED AT WINCHESTER ON FRIDAY LAST. (SEE PAGES 394 AND 395.)

THE SCULPTOR, MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, IS STANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE.

Photo by Gray, Bayswater, reproduced by permission of the Mayor of Winchester.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on October 9.*

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

**B**USINESS on the Stock Exchange remains extremely dull, and, in face of the War news and other unfavourable omens, it does not seem extraordinary that it should be so. To put it mildly, the murder of the President of the United States cannot encourage the Yankees, while the renewed activity of the Boers and the evidence which they have within the last few days afforded of their power for mischief do not encourage sanguine hopes of a speedy peace. Nor is this all, for our French neighbours have been so deeply engaged in cheering their powerful ally, and admiring their own soldiers march and counter-march in the sort of order which, it is to be hoped, we have abandoned since the awful day of Magersfontein, that they have had no time to buy even Kaffirs. Besides, every patriotic Frenchman must keep a few francs to lend to the Czar, what time the wily Russian brings out his next loan—a date not likely to be now overlong delayed.

During the last few days, conditions have not been favourable, as even the most inveterate optimist must confess, but, with any luck, we cannot help thinking that there are prospects of better things during the coming autumn. In Argentina the principal railway traffics promise to show substantial increases; trade here is not as bad as many people have tried to make us believe; while brisk October market-manipulation in Jungle shares is confidently expected, and, if a money squeeze can be avoided, there may well be an end of the late starvation times for both jobbers and brokers.

## THE NORTH BRITISH REPORT.

We have not space to do justice to this interesting document, but it is really as creditable to the Management as was the dividend. The gross receipts showed an increase of £48,062 in all, while the expenditure has risen by £50,074, a result more favourable than might have been anticipated under the conditions which have prevailed in the coal and material markets. The only item on the revenue side which has not grown is the mineral traffic, which shows a decrease of over £24,000; and, even discounting the passenger increase of £47,800, by a fair allowance for the Glasgow Exhibition, the figures are more favourable than those of some of our principal English lines.

The Ordinary stock at about 40, despite the good report, does not appear over-attractive, especially as the state of the capital account makes a further issue of some sort inevitable within the next twelve months, and the chief interest in the half-year's figures is rather in their bearing on the state of Scotch trade, than from a stock-jobbing point of view.

## YANKEE RAILS.

There are many disappointed ones who thought to buy Yankees cheaply after the sad, sad event which robbed the United States of a splendid President. Many had been waiting, are still waiting, for an opportunity to get back shares on any material drop, but the market shows no inclination to break the three to five dollars which speculators on this side are wanting it to do. In the Stock Exchange there is a pretty general chorus of sentiment that prices will go higher yet, but always a word of caution is added, for the market appears to feel that a very small thing would be sufficient to start the ball on its downward roll. So long as prices can be supported—how or by whom does not matter—the position is regarded through rose-tinted glasses, but when a decline of any magnitude shall start, who can say where it will stop? It is a platitude to say that operators for the rise always hold their shares tenaciously so long as the prices continue strong, whatever may be the profit they can secure, while as soon as the fall begins and no advertised strength is afforded to the market, they sell with the utmost alacrity. We fear that this constitutes a serious menace to present bulls of Yankees, this very human hastening to snatch a profit when that profit begins to show signs of dwindling, and, if but the majority of weak bulls adopt this usual course, the sales will be quite sufficient to seriously affect prices. The New York Money Market is in anything but a strong position, and, although we have plenty of gold over here with which to supply the needs of the States whilst the crops are being moved, the money question might easily assume threatening proportions. On the other hand, the railroad financiers are so well-organised and brotherly at the moment, that their concerted action can do almost anything with the Yankee Market, which it is to their interest to uphold for the time being. The speculator in Americans finds the subject so peculiarly hydra-headed that, if he be wise, he will rest content with doing the jobbing business of buying Yankees when they come flat from New York, and selling them when

they are blazing. To consistently bull the shares in such days as these is, we think, to court disaster.

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

The gold-producing Kaffir Companies, and others—notably Knights and Henry Nourse—which are about to re-enter that charmed area, are first-favourites for attention in the purely Gold share-market. It is boastfully declared that the prices of these particular shares will reach the levels which they attained during the boom of six years ago. This is talking rather wide of the mark, for the public which bought Gold shares in '95 has had so many practical opportunities for wisdom-learning as to make it virtually impossible for shares ever to be lifted to the absurd figures which prevailed at one time during that mad boom. But we see no reason for supposing that current quotations are as high as prices can go. The War must be over some day, despite the Government, and such affairs as Tarkastad and Blood River Poort may actually tend to bring the end nearer, if it shows our Generals that only by war-measures can the enemy be beaten. Kaffirs may be depressed for a while, but we fancy that he who waits for the end of the War before he buys will stand a poor opportunity of purchasing at to-day's prices. It is quite safe to buy Kaffirs when they look so lifeless that it appears as though a Scotch earthquake could alone resurrect them.

## OUR THROGMORTON STREET STROLLER.

Turning up the historic Street the other day at half-past four in the afternoon, The Stranger quickly espied a triple crowd, and straightway made for it. He bought a halfpenny newspaper, the boy forgetting (as the Throgmorton Street boys generally do) to give him change for his penny. Under cover of the sheet, he leant against a buttress of the Stock Exchange and listened to a somewhat stout man who was speaking—

"I haf zold all my Lake Fiews," he said, "and some odders on top of zem."

"I hope that's where you *won't* come out," spitefully observed another in the crowd. "Worst of it is, you bears mostly do come out on top though."

"We haf goot reason," returned the other, affably, "and we only sell our shaires when we gan see our way to a broffit."

A tall fellow standing near The Stroller gave an audible groan.

"Got caught again, young 'un?" asked a white-haired young gentleman in the group.

"No—well, yes, I have to a certain extent," confessed the groaner. "I bought Northern Blocks at a shade over 4—"

"Plant, my dear boy; nothing but a plant that tip was."

"Well, but I thought that all the market in Westralians was going better."

"So you laid in a few of the others besides Blocks, eh?"

"That's it," was the gloomy

response. "When d' you think I'll see my money back?"

"H'm! There's no particular reason why you shouldn't do so any day. The Australian market is as full of bears as the pit at Berne, and it only wants a very little public buying to lick 'em into life again."

"Ah! but where's the public?"

"Just what we all want to know. Bon soir, mon aini," and the speaker disappeared. The Stroller thought he would keep him in sight, but he was soon buried in another little crowd, close to the West African division.

"At nine bob buy Bonta. At nine and a penny-ha'penny buy Bonta Syndicate!" yelled a stentorian voice. The Stranger looked in its direction, and saw that its possessor was scarlet in the face from his exertions.

"That's how they spoil our market," grumbled a man with a dark Trilby hat and a nose-warming pipe. "Spoil it completely!"

"How so?" inquired The Stroller, his curiosity overcoming his scruples as to the politeness of speaking without an introduction to an unknown gentleman. But the latter didn't seem to think anything of it, and readily unloosed the burden of his soul.

"Why, here we have a jolly good little market—I mean to say, a market with plenty of good things in it, and then they must come and bring in a beastly five-shilling share that no one's ever heard of before—"

"Haven't they?" The Stranger looked surprised.

"Of course not! And they stick it on the market at eighty per cent. premium and get people to buy the things, and then—and then—"

The indignant gentleman stopped for breath and inspiration.

"But mightn't it turn out a good thing, as you say the others have done?"



OUTCROP OF REEF AT RIVER BETWEEN KIBBI AND APEDWA  
(WEST COAST).



"I suppose the next thing you'll ask will be whether Kumassi Syndicates are as good as Consols," replied the first man with enigmatic snappishness.

"Well, I really don't see—," began The Stranger, when the other made a frantic dive at a passing friend and asked him the last he'd heard of Milwaukee.

"I don't seem to be picking up much information to-night," soliloquised our friend. "I've a good mind to go to the hotel straight away."

"—and made a profit of five shillings a share!" exclaimed a jubilant voice close at hand. "They tell me the shares are still worth buying, too."

"What shares?" queried another.

"Armstrongs, of course."

"The gun people?"

"The gun people."

"But the dividend was very bad?"

"Compared with the previous year, yes." But, seeing that the Company has had to pay enormous prices for coal and labour, it was all one could have expected. As things are now, the Armstrong concern is paying much less for its fuel, it has enough work in hand to keep it going for another five years, and they are about to add the armour-plate business to their works."

"You seem to know all about it," remarked a bystander, with something of a smile.

"I ought to," was the rejoinder. "And I backed my knowledge by picking up the shares at 3 while I could. I know I shall make another five shillings out of them, at least."

"What about Vickers?"

"Them's my Maxims," observed a third, raising a general protest from the group.

"Vickers are almost as good as Armstrongs," said the champion of the latter Company. "But this is dry work. Come and have some ginger-beer."

The Stranger, following what he had noticed was the approved fashion in Throgmorton Street, pencilled busily on his cuff. "Armstrongs at 3," he wrote, "and Vickers." Then he dropped a small silver coin into the tray of the little Throgmorton Street cripple and asked him where the Yankee Market was. The poor little chap led him to Shorter's Court without any hesitation.

There was the usual throng, and The Stranger stepped back quickly as a bricklayer's horse plunged out of the crowd with a noisy cart behind him.

"Milwokkee, Milwokkee!" shouted a man close by.

"What are Milwaukee?" asked another.

The first told him what the price was. "Take fifty home with you, just as a spec.," he advised.

"But the Yankee Market is so artificial, and might crumble to bits at any moment," was the objection.

"Oh ho! I know which papers you've been reading. My dear chap, what do we care whether the market is artificial, as you call it, or not, so long as we make our profits out of it?"

"You can never tell when prices are going to turn, though."

"Grant you there's an element of risk in Yankees—"

"An element!" echoed his friend.

"Well, a good deal of risk, then. But surely you don't expect that you will be the one who buys right at the very top?"

"I might be," said the cautious one.

"Oh, you are incorrigible!" advanced the tipster. "All I can say is that, if you have the courage to buy Yanks when they're dull, as they are to-night, you will always find a chance of selling at a profit. Now, give it a name, and I'll do your business for a sixteenth."

"What a fanatic you are!" laughed his friend. "Go and buy me a hundred Unions. I hear they are going to 115."

"So I am told," the jobber said, hastening away to execute the order.

"One hundred Unions!" exclaimed The Stroller to himself as he retraced his steps. "Well, I hope they won't land him in a Single One in the end."

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

W. E. C.—If you had looked at the directions at the head of this Correspondence Column, you would not have sent your letter to the "City Editor." We have handed it to the "Editor," who will deal with it as he may think fit.

COLONEL.—Thanks for your letters. We have answered your questions to the best of our ability.

Miss A.—(1) Your money is gone, and you may as well give up all hope of getting anything back. The Company is in liquidation. (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary or Melbourne Harbour Debentures should suit.

WEST COAST.—We really cannot enter into a long discussion on disputed points in this column. Some Jungles may turn out all right, but the bulk of the Companies are swindles, in our opinion, and we know the market is almost entirely artificial.

PRETORIA.—We think you might do better; as, for instance, with Rhodesia, Limited.

AVENUE.—(1) Good. (2) A fair lock-up. (3) Low grade, but honestly managed; the worst of your list.

#### "THE INDOMITABLE DUCHESS."\*

IN his Preface to the two highly entertaining and interesting volumes now before me, their author, Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, has summed up the character of the famous Sarah, wife of the great Duke of Marlborough, in the phrase which stands at the head of this review. The phrase is, like most phrases, not quite inclusive—Mr. Molloy does not say that it is—but unquestionably, if there ever was one woman more than another who deserved to be called "indomitable," Sarah Jennings, first Duchess of Marlborough, was she.

Mr. Molloy has already won distinction by his other historical works—notably, by his admirable pen-portrait of "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington." And, by the way, seeing that Mr. Tree is shortly to put on at Her Majesty's a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, entitled

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,"

a piece in which the dramatist has tried to reproduce the "form and pressure" of the times of Count D'Orsay and her most gorgeous ladyship, that earlier book of Mr. Molloy's should come in very apropos, so to speak, at the present time.

Our author is no dry-as-dust historical writer, whose books need to be read with much painful study and concentration of mind. Certainly, these two handsome volumes afford very pleasant reading. They are gossipy, anecdotal, chatty (sometimes irrelevantly, but always agreeably so), pictorial,

#### FULL OF PERSONAL AND SOCIAL DETAILS

of quite exceptional interest. Mr. Molloy has collected a mass of material with respect to the beginnings of one of the greatest of our great families—a family which undoubtedly has still a part to play in the national story. And the use he makes of his material is such as will attract many readers.

The book gives us some striking pictures of the last years of the Stuart period—describes the Courts in which the indomitable Duchess figured, the incidents which amused or the storms which shook them, the events which led to comedy or tragedy, the characters who played important rôles as

#### KINGS, QUEENS, PRINCES, PRINCESSES,

sycephants, conspirators, great Officers of State, whispering Pages of the Back Stairs, bedchamber women, and petty clerks of the Palace—"All puppets," says Mr. Molloy, "of a brief hour, unconsciously posturing for posterity, their antics illustrating the annals of their time and producing the ever-changing drama known as history."

Though the major part of "A Queen's Comrade," as the very name indicates, is devoted to an account of the intimacy between Queen Anne and Duchess Sarah, a considerable portion of it is given up to the

#### LOVE-STORY OF JOHN CHURCHILL AND SARAH JENNINGS,

and a strangely interesting story it is. Both of the young people were attached to the Court—he beginning life as a Page to the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), while she was a Maid-of-Honour. The future Duke was handsome, gallant, brave. He came of a fighting line—an ancestor had fought under William the Conqueror, while

#### HIS FATHER, WINSTON CHURCHILL,

had joined the Royalist Army of Charles I. The following anecdote illustrates the bravery and other soldierly qualities of the man—

At the siege of Nimeguen he gained the notice of Marshal Turenne, one of the greatest Generals of his time, and who, with the Prince de Condé, commanded the French troops. Turenne's belief in Churchill's courage was so great that, when one of his own officers had abandoned a station he had been ordered to defend to the last extremity, the Marshal said: "I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it"—a wager that he won.

While scarcely less handsome than her beautiful elder sister, who was called "La Belle Jennings," Sarah had the same dazzlingly fair complexion and bright hair. Her manners were more haughty, her expression more intelligent, her conversation less brilliant than those of the other. In quickness of mind, in shrewdness, in force of character,

#### IN POWER OF PUNGENT REPARTÉE,

she far surpassed her sister. Her great drawback was a violent temper, which she was at little pains to control. And it was this which in the end brought about her estrangement from Queen Anne and wrecked her power over that Sovereign.

The young Churchill was made to feel to the full this side of her nature before he succeeded in gaining her consent to become his wife. What he must have endured as her husband is more easily imagined than described. But nothing is more noteworthy than the indisputable fact that the great Duke, whether in good fortune or in ill, remained

#### HIS WIFE'S DEVOTED LOVER

until his death. Considering the general corruptness of the age (well brought out by Mr. Molloy in his fascinating book), this stands out as in every way a most remarkable thing. The letters written by the Duke to the Duchess, quoted by Mr. Molloy, abundantly testify to the love he bore her to the end of his days.

I take pleasure in commending "A Queen's Comrade" to my readers. The book is well got up, and is embellished with many finely executed portraits of the great personages of the time.

\* "The Queen's Comrade. The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough." By Fitzgerald Molloy. London: Hutchinson and Co. Two Vols.

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## THE CLUBMAN AND THE YACHT RACE.

*The "America" Cup Races—Clubland itself Again—The Coming Coronation—The Duke of Cornwall and York's Tour Nears its Close—South African Honours.*

THERE is, I think, greater interest shown in Clubland this year over the races between *Shamrock II.* and *Columbia* than over any other series of contests for the "America" Cup that I can remember. The perseverance of Sir Thomas Lipton and the closeness of Saturday's race have arrested the attention of men who do not, as a rule, care for sport as well as of those who do, and no Englishman ever took a yacht across the Atlantic in the endeavour to "lift" the Cup with a more universal backing of his country's goodwill and good wishes than Sir Thomas has done. Then, rightly or wrongly, as we shall all know within a fortnight, the failure of the new American boat and the selection of *Columbia*, the older craft, to defend the Cup, and the excellent accounts of *Shamrock II.*'s sailing in American waters have raised all men's hopes, and, "If we do not win it this time, we never shall," is a sentiment very generally expressed. The interest the King takes in Sir Thomas Lipton's boat, his presence on board when the accident to the mast occurred, the good wishes that are known to accompany Sir Thomas from the highest personages in the land, all give to this year's races an exceptional distinction and popularity.

The Royal Standard has been hoisted over Marlborough House once again. Only for two days, it is true, but the return of the King to Great Britain marks the resumption of Club-life on its usual basis. The Clubs which have been cleaned and re-decorated are once more occupied by their members, and the yearly hospitality of one half of the London Clubs to the members of the other half is at an end. In Pall Mall, the Athenæum shines with a newly washed front, and its blonde beauty makes some of the neighbouring buildings whose exteriors have not been cleaned look very grimy and very dull indeed. Men are already asking what the Clubs are going to do at Coronation-time, and it is hoped that some scheme of uniformity of decoration may be arrived at in thoroughfares such as Pall Mall and St. James's Street, where the Clubs are the most important buildings. The ladies also are beginning to ask what is going to be done for them at the various Clubs, and refuse to be satisfied with the answer that their admission or non-admission to the big Clubs on the occasion of any pageant is generally decided purely on financial grounds. The decorations of a Club, the shoring-up of balconies, and other necessary work, as a rule, cost but a few hundred pounds when accommodation is required only for members; but, when grand stands have to be erected for lady guests, the expense has to be calculated by thousands of pounds. I have no doubt, however, that the Clubs will make a long purse for the Coronation, as they did for the Jubilee pageants, and that all Clubland will be in possession of the ladies when their Majesties drive through their faithful towns of Westminster and London after the great ceremony in the Abbey.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have temporarily deserted their floating home for one on wheels, and are travelling through Canada in a train which is a moving palace, being greeted at each halting-place with true Northern heartiness. When the *Ophir* next turns her bows to the open sea, it will be on the homeward voyage, and we of the parent race will have to put aside the "phlegme Britannique" when we welcome back the Royal travellers, for our cheers must not be less rousing than those our kindred of the Seven Seas have given for the Heir to the Throne and the Princess his wife. Men are again wondering whether the Duke's home-coming will be marked by the title of Prince of Wales being conferred upon him or whether the patent will be issued at the time of the Coronation.

The title of the King is no longer strange in our mouths, the best proof of this being that the officiating clergy in our churches, who had so many thousands of times read the name of Her late Majesty in the prayer for the Sovereign, no longer, owing to custom, hesitate for a second before reading the name of Edward VII., as they did at first, and that we now naturally talk of the National Anthem as "God Save the King," and sing the prayer for our Lord the King without having to think of the change in the words. The Duke might now become Prince of Wales without creating any confusion between him and his predecessor in the title in the minds of the simplest of English folk.

The list of honours, "C.B.'s," "D.S.O.'s," and promotions, published last week in the *Gazette* is a long one, but not too long when the number of officers employed in South Africa is considered and the length of the campaign. It has, since Crimean times, been the custom to award a Lieutenant-Colonel who takes his battalion on active service a Companionship of the Bath, and, should a Commanding Officer not win this decoration, men ask whether his work was not satisfactory. The Distinguished Service Order was instituted not only as a reward for duty exceptionally well done, but also that deeds of valour which almost but not quite merit the highest reward, the Victoria Cross, should be recognised by something more tangible than a "mention in despatches." Of such deeds there have been a very great number in the present War, for it has been, in its later phases, a subalterns' war, and the commanders of small detachments, the leaders of little bodies of men, have had more opportunities of showing the soldierly qualities they possess than would occur in a European War.

## THE "AMERICA" CUP RACE.

AN UNRELIABLE INTERVIEW WITH SIR T. LIPTON.

BY OUR SPECIAL WIRE-LESS TELEGRAPH.

[NOTE.—An additional interest attaches to this interview as demonstrating the particularly perfect way in which an accent—even a temporary American one—may be transmitted by M. Marconi's wonderful system.—ED. "SKETCH."]

EVERY daily newspaper in London has been striving to outdo its rivals with special arrangements for obtaining the earliest and best, to say nothing of the most voluminous, report of the yacht-races, and every one has succeeded—as is the way of daily papers. *The Sketch*, obviously unable by its weekly appearance to compete on

their own ground with them, nevertheless determined it must do something out of the ordinary in honour of the event. It therefore made arrangements with its extra-special representative to send an interview with Sir Thomas Lipton which is quite different from anything any other paper has obtained, and to send it by the special wire-less apparatus installed to be used on this occasion and on this occasion only.

"Give you an interview for *The Sketch*? Why cert'nly! Come right in, sit down, and make yourself at home. It seems to me that the reason I am alive is to give—interviews."

"And other things," I replied, *salute voce*.



A NEW AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Taken by W. Blain, Dumbarton.

"Wal, we'll let those other things slide, anyhow," replied Sir Thomas, and the native hue of his own Scotch accent was sicklied o'er with the nasal twang of the typical American. "Say, but I'm going to give them a run for their money this year. Yes, sirree, you can bet your bottom dollar on that! They're a mighty generous people are these Amurricans, I can tell you, and they seem as if they'd like to give me the whole earth with a gold fence round it. But I'm no hog. I don't want it. I just want that little mug, standing two feet high, that's not worth a cent more'n a five-hundred-dollar bill, and I'm jiggered if they'll give it to me! 'You're welcome to anything we've got but that'—that's what they say. But I mean to have that old mug if I can. I'd be kind o' content if they'd let me borrow it just for a little while—just for a year or two, to show there's no ill-feeling; and then I'd lend it to them again—perhaps," with a shrug.

"B' gosh, you're right! One swallow don't make a cup of tea, and one race out of five ain't the whole blessed bag of tricks. You take my word for it, it's anybody's race, and when the band plays 'Come back to Erin,' you bet the *Shamrock* 'll come if the wind 'll blow enough knots an hour. As for the *Columbia*—wal, she's a daisy, and when she goes by we all whistle 'Hail, Columbia!' without missin' a note.

"Say, I hope you ketch on to my Amurrican accent. Gee-whiz, but I reckon its 'O.K.'! As I caen't put on a coat made of the Stars-and-Stripes out of compliment to my hosts, why, I guess, the only thing for me to do is to talk their language with as good an accent as I can manage—even though it does scrape the back off my throat and tickle the roof of my nose till I'm fit to bust. But it's a great country and a great language, and a little pers'nal inconvenience more or less don't amount to a row of shucks, anyway.

"Yes, sirree, there are no flies on Uncle Sam, even though the wind does play through his whiskers. He's a perfect peach, I can tell you, and, when it comes to yacht-racing, he's a game sport. You bet I'm a sport too—a game sport; that's why I hunkydory so. Since I hurt my foot, they say I'm a game-leg sport, and we let it go at that.

"Say, if you can send a picture by your new all-fired special apparatus, I'll give you this. It's a perfect lolly-cooler, a jim-dandy, and I guess they'll like it if it don't get over lopsided.

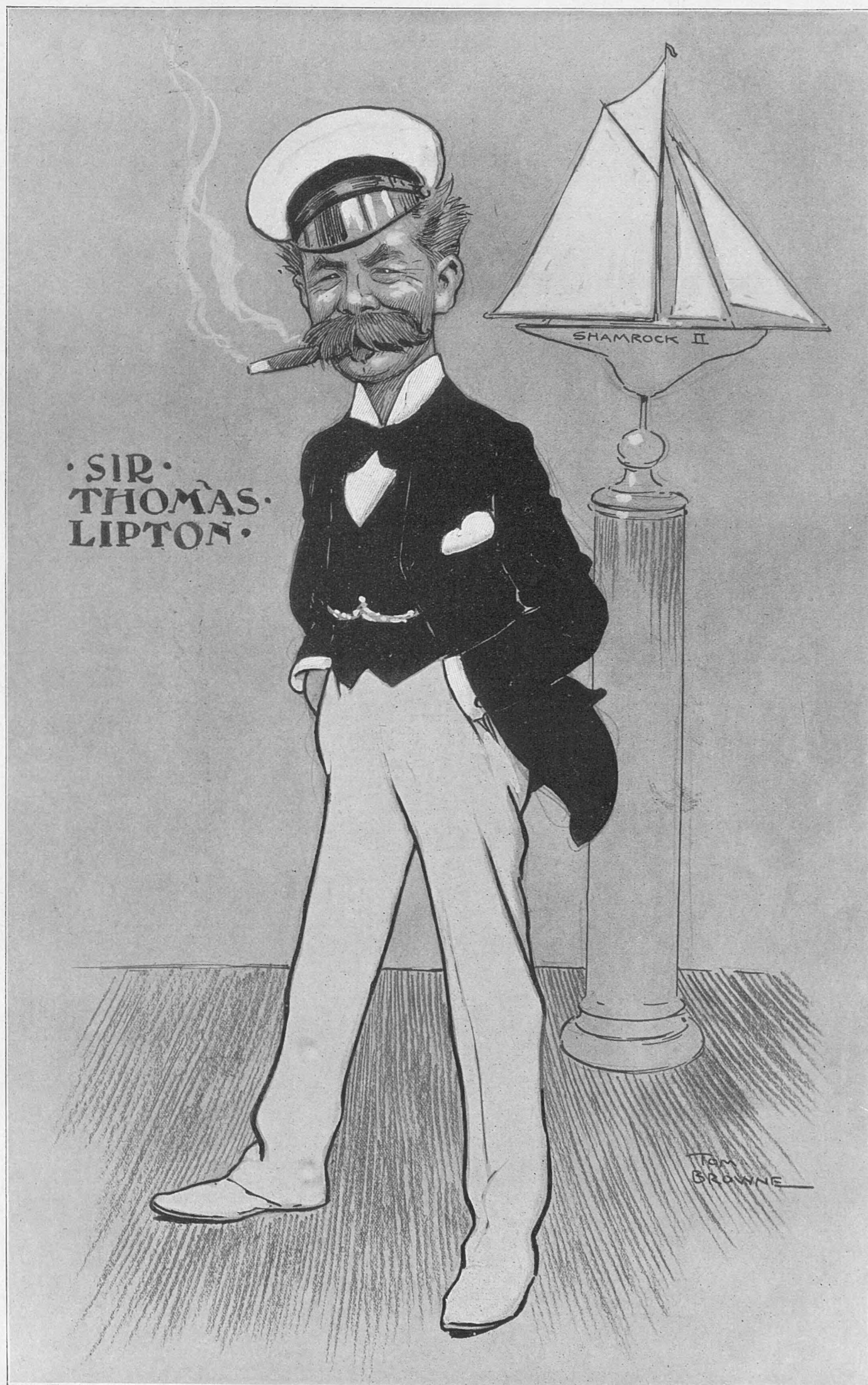
"Wal, so long, and be good to yourself under your third waistcoat-button. Say, stop a minute! If you just step over to the side here, I'll set them up on you and we'll smile."

The representative of *The Sketch* stepped over, and the "smile" developed into a broad grin.

The value of the special transmitter is fully shown on the opposite page, which reproduces the sketch Sir Thomas gave to the representative of *The Sketch*.

A. FAIQUE.





*May winds of all the corners kiss your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.—SHAKSPERE (ADAPTED).*



## THE MAN IN THE STREET AND THE YACHT RACE.

*Welcoming the King and Queen—A Drifting Match—At the Earl's Court Exhibition—Almost a Mafeking Night—Saturday's Race—Oxford and Cambridge in America.*

THE King and Queen had a splendid reception on their arrival in London from the Continent, and it was all the more remarkable as the welcome was quite spontaneous, and, by the police, evidently unexpected. Traffic was blocked at Charing Cross by the crowds who came to see the King and Queen come back, and there can be no doubt of the popularity of their Majesties.

It was a bit of a disappointment to find that the first race between *Shamrock II.* and *Columbia* turned out a drifting match, and this feeling was intensified by the elaborate arrangements which some sporting conductors of newspapers had made for letting us follow the course of the yachts as the telegrams came in. It is a proof of the keen interest which was taken in the race that thousands of people turned out to watch the lumiscriptor and the other signals which showed how matters were going. And, mind you, it was a sporting and not a betting interest.

In the Queen's Court of the Exhibition at Earl's Court a huge screen had been rigged up, on which the telegrams were projected by a magic-lantern sort of arrangement. As soon as it was dark enough, the messages began to appear, and when it was seen that *Shamrock* was leading the crowd cheered heartily. The pauses were filled up by portraits of the King, Sir Thomas Lipton, and other celebrities, and when the telegrams began again it was seen that *Columbia* was leading. The excitement was well maintained until it became obvious that the race had degenerated into a drifting match, and it was with a feeling of relief that the telegram was received announcing that the race was off.

There were also thousands of people down on the Embankment, for "The Man in the Street" had turned out in full force to watch the signals which were flashed across the river telling of the progress of the race. When the final telegrams came in, Fleet Street was absolutely blocked, and the newsboys with the late editions got almost any price they liked for their papers, and were remarkable for the absence of small change which afflicted them all. If *Shamrock II.* had won, we should, no doubt, have had a lively scene, but, as there was nothing to enthuse over, the crowd quietly dispersed.

On Saturday afternoon, I got on to a roof in the Strand from which I could see the Crystal Palace, and exactly at 6.25 a warning shell was fired from the grounds. Five minutes later, a green bomb rose up above the Sydenham hills, and told us that *Shamrock* was still ahead. Later on, I was down on the Embankment, where the crowd was not quite so thick as on Thursday night, but quite thick enough for comfort. At the finish, it was impossible to make out which boat had won from the lights, and some said *Shamrock* and some said *Columbia*. The Special Editions were just as bad, for two printed the news that *Shamrock* had come in first. As a matter of fact, they don't seem to have been too certain in New York, for it was a case of seconds between the two. But one thing is pretty clear, and that is, that if the wind had held, *Shamrock* would have won. So now, what we have all got to do is to "whistle for a breeze," as the sailors say.

The University athletes in America have been overshadowed by the "America" Cup struggle, but in ordinary times the contest between the picked men of Oxford and Cambridge and of Harvard and Yale would have attracted more attention. Our men made a good fight, and I suppose, had not the Oxford long-jumper's knee given way, the result would have depended on the Hurdle Race.

## THE "COBRA" DISASTER.

### FUNERAL OF MR. FREDERICK COLE.

A VERY impressive affair was the funeral of Mr. Frederick Cole (Warrant Officer), a victim of the *Cobra* disaster, who was buried with full Naval honours at Kingston Cemetery on Sept. 25. The photo on this page shows the crowds of people that lined the streets *en route*, about two miles from the residence to the cemetery. The followers included Admiral Pelham Aldrich, the Admiral-Superintendent of His Majesty's Dockyard, Portsmouth; Captain Hamilton, A.D.C., the late Mr. Cole's Commanding Officer; Captain W. Wilson, Captain Burr, A.D.C., and Captain Coxon.

### "THE SKETCH" CHAPERON.

*Two Very-Notable Engagements—War Items—The Forthcoming Coronation Coronets.*

THIS last week was quite an engagement week, for two really important forthcoming marriages—one of which, at least, was very unexpected—were made known to the world. On Tuesday, it was announced that Lady Helen ("Birdie") Stewart is to become Lady Stavordale, and so future mistress of Holland House; on Saturday,

that the Empire-maker, Lord Cromer, is to lead, *en secondes nocces*, Lady Katherine Thynne to the altar. The bridegroom is, of course, known wherever our language is spoken; he is not only a great diplomat, he is also an accomplished and delightful man-of-the-world. Lady Katherine is the eldest unmarried sister of Lord Bath. Though not in her first youth, she is still a long way on the sunny side of forty, and has always been very popular in a large circle of friends and relatives. She spent her childhood in that most stately of English country-houses, Long-leat.

The engagement of the moment by no means took the world by surprise, and yet, in spite of appearances which would point to its being an almost ideally suitable match, the course of true love, if what I hear be true, by no means ran smooth. Lord Londonderry was

in no haste to part with his brilliant daughter to even the most eligible of suitors, but Lady Helen Stewart, like so many modern young ladies, made up her mind long before her parents had made up theirs! Lord Stavordale is certainly the best-looking great *parti* now in Society. He is tall and dark. Like his still beautiful mother, and unlike so many New Century young men, he is an excellent dancer. He is only two years older than his *fiancée*, but girls are marrying much later than they used to do, and nowadays one rarely hears of the engagement of a real *débutante*.

While Scotland is more the fashion than ever—the Inverness Meeting was never so well attended, I hear—and many people are rushing off to Deeside in the wake of the Court, Germany has its devotees also. Prince and Princess Henry of Pless have had quite a large party of English friends staying with them at Fürstenstein. Among their guests have been bright, pretty Mrs. Willie Hall-Walker and Lord and Lady Maitland. Indeed, a deep shadow was cast over the whole party when Mrs. Hall-Walker there received the tragic news of her brother's, Mr. Brinsley Sheridan's, death in South Africa. Apropos of this eternal War, I hear of a great many well-known people who are preparing to winter at Cape Town, but it is said that the authorities out there, notably Lord Kitchener, do not approve of the presence of wives or mothers near the scene of operations.

To turn to a more cheerful subject, the Coronation is beginning to loom large on the horizon, and there has been a perfect rush for the booklet, issued by a firm of great jewellers, which sets forth what kind of coronets must be worn. Quite curiously few Peers seem to have taken the trouble to preserve these important appendages of 1838, and accordingly hundreds will have to be made during the next six months.



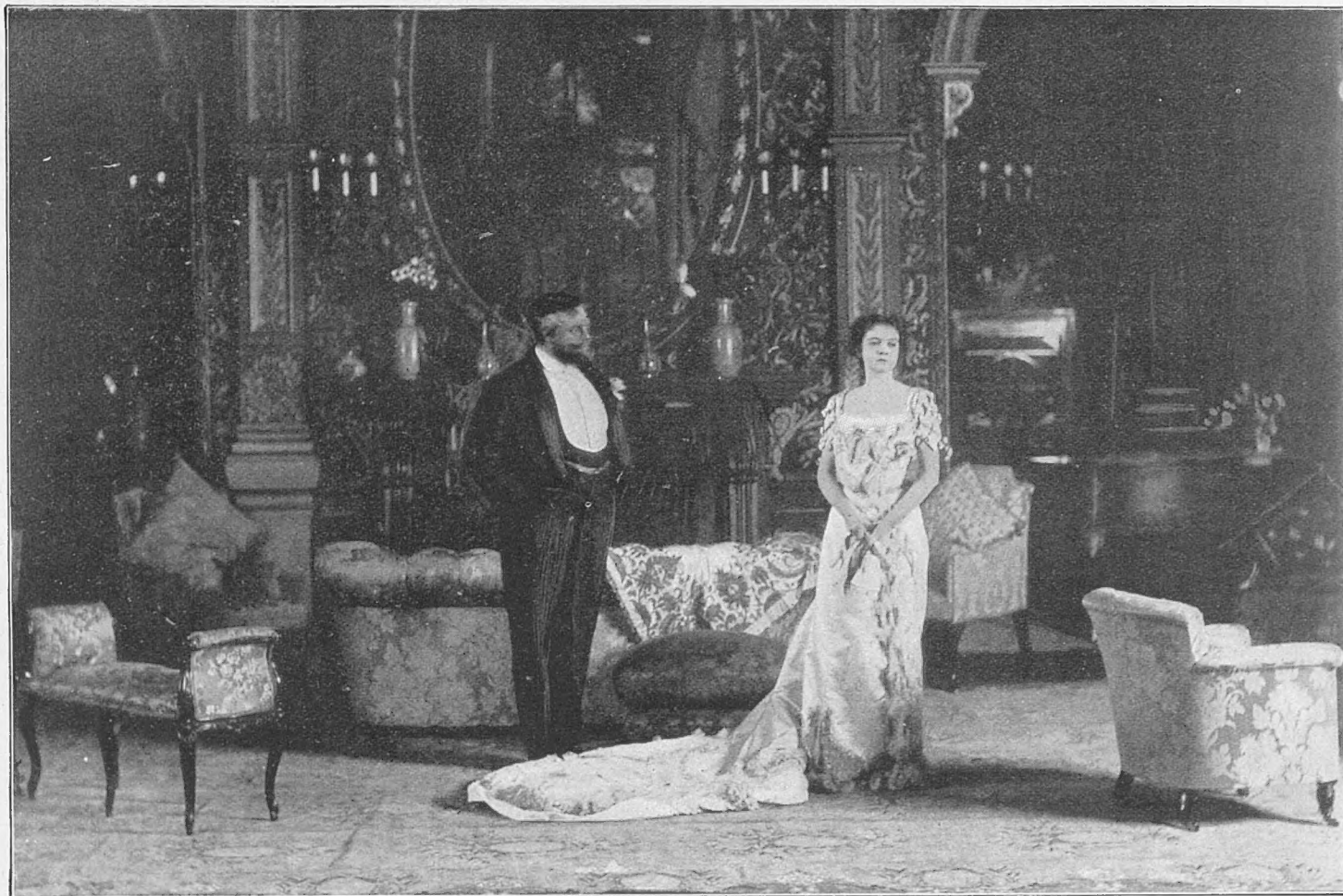
THE "COBRA" DISASTER: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF MR. F. COLE, R.N. (WARRANT OFFICER), PASSING KINGSTON CHURCH.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



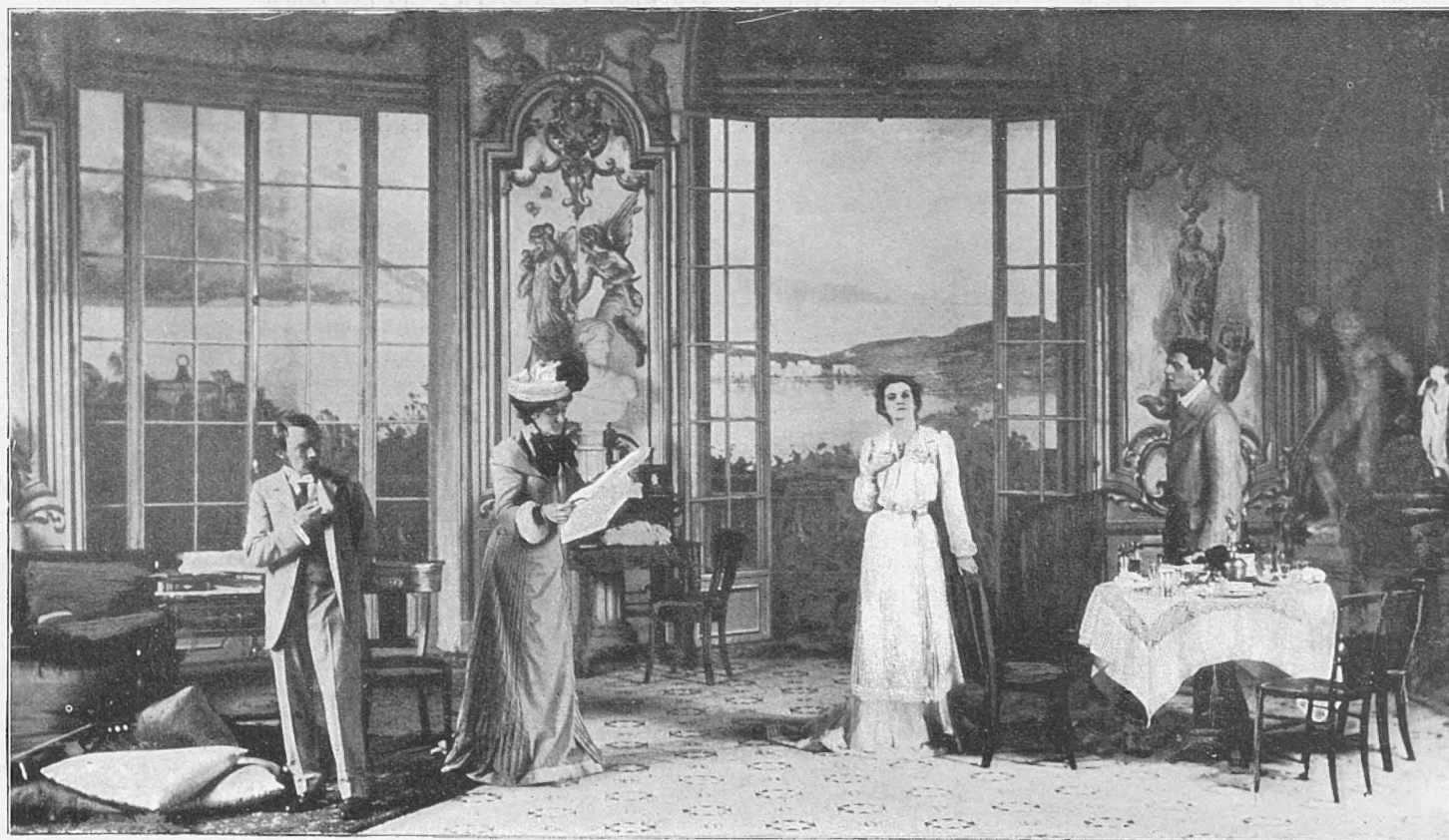
TYPICAL SCENES FROM "IRIS," MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W*



Maldonado (Mr. Oscar Asche). Iris Bellamy (Miss Fay Davis).

ACT I.—LONDON. MRS. BELLAMY'S HOUSE IN KENSINGTON. IRIS ACCEPTS MALDONADO, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO SAVE HERSELF FROM MARRYING THE POOR MAN WHOM SHE LOVES.



Croker Harrington (Mr. Dion Boucicault). Fanny Sylva (Miss Beryl Faber). Iris Bellamy (Miss Fay Davis). Lawrence Trenwith (Mr. Charles Bryant).

ACT II.—THE VILLA ON LAKE COMO. IRIS, HAVING BROKEN OFF HER ENGAGEMENT WITH MALDONADO, LEARNS FROM THE LONDON PAPERS THAT HER SOLICITOR HAS DECAMPED. LEAVING HER ALMOST PENNILESS.